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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 16, 1978 Price One Dollar

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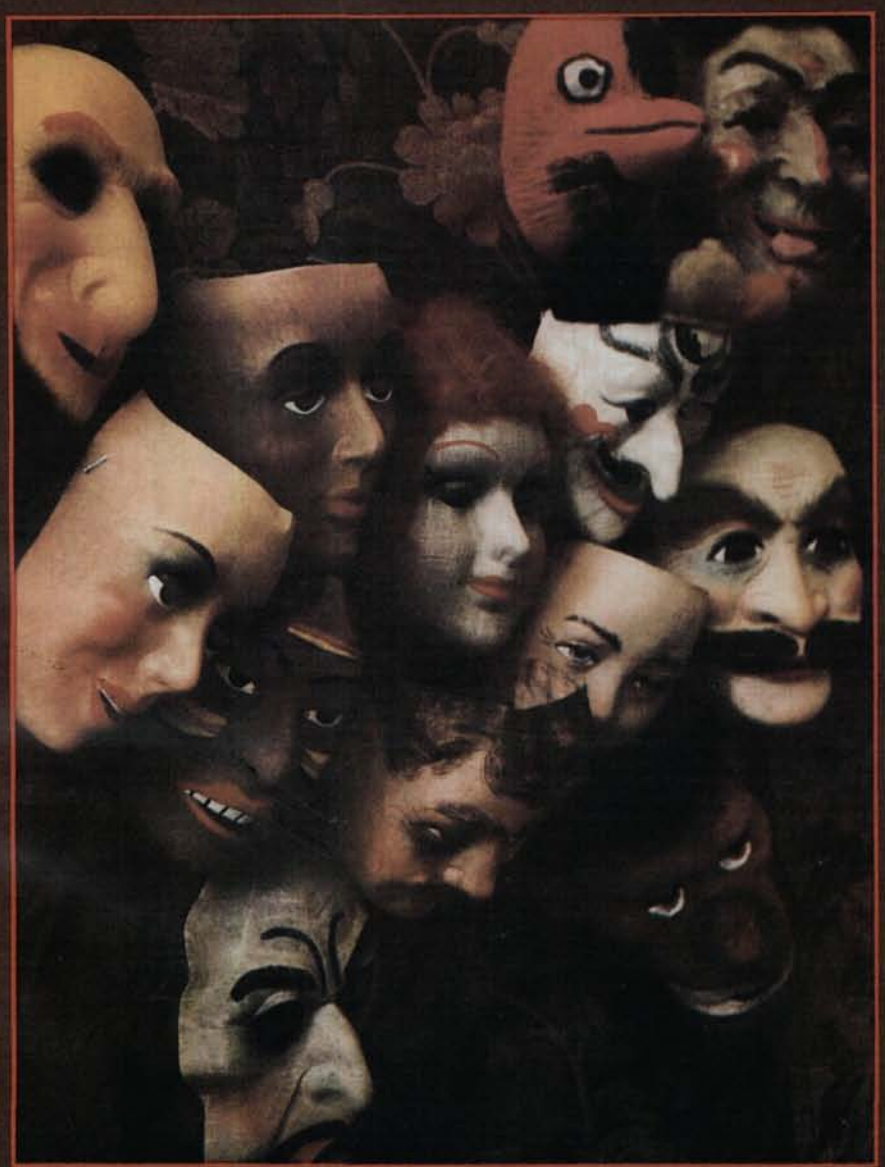

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TRB

from Washington
December 16, 1978

Wet Feet

Two political reporters have just summarized their views of Jimmy Carter, and you wouldn't know it was the same man. On one hand, James Deakin, veteran White House correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* has done a measured job of interviewing knowledgeable Washington types and boiling down their diverse opinions into seven discerning newspaper articles. On the other hand, Peter Meyer, of *Universal Press Syndicate* (it handles "Doonesbury") has a book *James Earl Carter: The Man & the Myth* which is a midterm debunking job. In a way it is a sequel to the *Harper's* piece (February 1976) by Steven Brill with the arresting title, "Jimmy Carter's Pathetic Lies." Some people thought the election-year piece would eliminate Carter; some thought it would eliminate *Harper's.* Both have survived.

Jimmy Carter doesn't live in the restful times of Calvin Coolidge. When word of Coolidge's death came to Alice Roosevelt Longworth, she reportedly responded, "How did they know?" Coolidge was a caretaker president and so was Eisenhower. Oh, those happy bygone days; I wonder if they will ever return. Carter was an inexperienced president, with an inexperienced staff, who came to Washington in turbulent times with unrealistic, overambitious programs, who gave the disconcerting impression that he thought evangelical principles would solve his perplexities. Some of the consequences were predictable.

America's relations to its president are mystical. We elect him and consider him responsible for whatever happens—good times, bad times, bumper crops or droughts; he is responsible, we aren't. We elect him first and find out about him afterward. Candidates' selection used to be left to hardboiled professionals. Now with primaries and open conventions, with popularity polls and single-issue pressure groups, the choice of candidates is more and more at random: McGovern and Carter show the trend.

This combines with another phase of our system, a four-year cycle of response to the man we have put in the White House: first jubilation that now all will be set right, then growing disaffection, and often a desire to tear down, which can be quite savage. Our chief executive has more power, and is more exposed, than leaders of other democracies. There is no cabinet collegiality; he is not picked from parliament; he stands alone.

Peter Meyer's debunking job is relatively mild. It lacks punch, I think, and I ask myself why. To be sure, he refers to Carter's "waffling indecisiveness," "highblown rhetoric" and "ineptness, his inconsistency, waffling, broken promises, and appearance of being too small a man to handle the job." But is that up to Spiro Agnew's standards, let alone Mencken's? In a rather curious passage Meyer quotes James Wooten, formerly of *The New York Times,* allegedly speaking at the Democratic convention, and "overheard by journalist Richard Reeves: 'I sound like I admire the Carter people; actually I despise them. I know he doesn't believe that religious stuff.'" Here is one reporter, Peter Meyers, quoting another reporter, Reeves, who "overheard" a third reporter. Very odd.

I think Meyer's difficulty, like that of Steven Brill in the *Harper's* article of 1976, is that he doesn't really *hate* Carter enough, he just despises him. That's no way to build up a real political diatribe. He wants to patronize Carter, to condescend to him. For Carter to be a success would be almost intolerable; Meyer has a psychic stake in his failure. Reading Meyer's book, I kept waiting to see how he would deal with the Camp David victory, but the narrative ends with the last event on Friday, July 21, and the Camp David agreement wasn't signed until September 17. Just too late for Meyer's deadline; it is the kind of inept, waffling, unsporting thing you would expect of Carter.

Correspondent Deakin's survey is a conscientious, well-rounded approach that ought to be incorporated in a book. Deakin has interviewed about everybody down to the most ordinary (including, I have to admit, TRB) and carries Carter through his problems, his defeats and his victories. What comes out very strongly is the tough time Carter has chosen to be president in. He is hemmed in by inflation, by special interest groups, by political fragmentation, by suspicions that the US can't afford the costs of the New Deal anymore; yes, and "perhaps by his own personality and political philosophy."

I could add other difficulties: there is the decline of party responsibility; a growth of one-issue pressure groups; a diminished US prestige abroad, after Vietnam and Nixon; a dispirited NATO; a rise in the price of basic world resources (oil, for example) as world population multiplies. Other things, too: a period of 15 years in which Russians increased defense expenditures in real money by four or five percent a year, while America's real defense expenditures have actually decreased as a percentage of GNP. Yet other problems include our Model T system of government, with its jealous separation of powers, trying to keep up with streamlined traffic on international superhighways.

Carter made his own troubles with the Bert Lance affair, and by switching his target on the economy from stimulation to retrenchment. He was hardly responsible, however, for the confusion in the country, and for the lack of consensus that kept the energy program, for example, balanced between two almost equal forces in Congress for 18 months. Despite Carter's efforts the US is the only industrialized country that has increased oil imports by a third over five years ago. He is not a charismatic leader who makes your spine tingle with his eloquence. As a speaker, he's an engineer. On the other hand, he shows detailed knowledge, and command, at press conferences. I believe he was shocked as an outsider at the discovery of waste, fraud and corruption in the General Services Administration and other agencies which might have passed unnoticed by someone more familiar with the Washington scene. He revealed it before the investigative reporters did.

My impression is that the Camp David euphoria is evaporating and that Carter's problems are mounting. But his incumbency may be like democracy itself, as defined by Fisher Ames of Massachusetts, who served in the first four Congresses: the American democracy, he said, is like a raft—it never sinks, but your feet are always wet.

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Correspondence

Martin Luther King Jr. and the Selma March

To the editors:

I have not had time to verify the quotations in Marilyn R. Palkowski's letter, which appeared in the November 25 issue of *The New Republic*, but I have no reason to doubt her accuracy. I do doubt, however, that the statement she cites by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. substantiates the thesis of David Garrow's *Protest at Selma*.

Nobody has ever questioned, I think, Dr. King's desire to bring organized and outraged public opinion to bear on the practices of racial segregation. Everybody recognizes, too, that Dr. King was a masterful manipulator of the mass media, with a better understanding of the potentialities of television than any other public figure of his time. Finally, Dr. King recognized from the outset of his crusade the possibility—indeed, the likelihood—that violence would be unleashed against him and his followers. As his statement shows, he intended that, if violence occurred, it should be widely publicized and thus help arouse the conscience of the nation.

That, however, is very different from Mr. Garrow's argument that Dr. King deliberately chose a confrontation at Selma because he knew that the white officials were singularly brutal and because he hoped that they would beat, wound and kill his followers. As Mr. Garrow himself admits, there is not the slightest direct evidence for this damaging accusation.

David Herbert Donald
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Califano's alleged letter to Jones

To the editors:

I am deeply distressed by the editorial in your issue of December 2 entitled "The Age of Credulity." The editorial makes reference to a letter allegedly written by me praising Jones's activities.

As I have repeatedly said publicly, I have absolutely no recollection of ever signing such a letter. Moreover, a thorough check of the files at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare since I have been Secretary and the files at my former law firm for the year 1976 has revealed no such letter. Through the State Department, I have formally requested the Government of Guyana to provide a copy of the letter allegedly signed by me. To date all the Government of Guyana has released is a copy of "excerpts" from several alleged letters, including one allegedly from me.

Joseph A. Califano Jr.
Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare
Washington, DC

The editors reply:

The Guyana government has released all the documents it possesses concerning endorsements of Jim Jones by prominent Americans. In some cases, such as Rosalynn Carter, these were copies of actual letters, which the authors have admitted to having written. In others, such as Secretary Califano, they were quotations which Jones and the People's Temple had supplied in excerpt form. Some of these also have been verified. The quotations were undated and could have occurred before 1976 or in contexts other than letters. Of course some also could have been made up. Jones certainly was capable of such deception. Secretary Califano's public questioning of the legitimacy of his alleged statement came out after our editorial went to press. We regret we did not have the opportunity to include it.

Is poetry dying?

To the editors:

James Atlas ("Poetry Cornered," *TNR*, November 25) presents an inaccurate picture of American poetry today. The two groups he describes exist: the vast number of talentless poets who publish and promote themselves because no one will do it for them, and the several dozen name poets who live mainly in the northeast, who are published by New York and Boston firms, and who are nearly as immune from meaningful criticism as the first group thanks to a protective circle of critics who accept anything they write as gospel. But between these two is a third group of perhaps 100 poets who consistently publish their poems in high quality, nationally-distributed journals and eventually place their books with small independent presses or university presses. This is where the most interesting writing comes from; go to the library and pick up a copy of *Quarterly West, Minnesota Review, Southern Poetry Review* or *Carolina Quarterly*, or see Gail Mazur's *Nightfire* (Godine) or Leon Stokesbury's *Often in Different Landscapes* (University of Texas Press) or Adam LeFevre's *Everything All At Once* (Wesleyan University Press), just to mention three recent books by deserving but little-known authors. Yet evidently *TNR* agrees with Atlas's all-or-nothing viewpoint, since it has stopped offering poetry as part of its regular fare and instead presents it, with great solemnity, in the form of the occasional "Special Poetry Feature," which seems designed to remind the ordinary reader that he should keep his mitts off poetry unless it is stamped with an official seal of approval. (At least *TNR* is still publishing the stuff, as opposed to *Esquire* which, in keeping with its new macho image, has dropped poetry altogether, presumably because it's a pastime for sissies.)

By the way, I can't understand why Atlas takes out after Poets & Writers, Inc. and their useful directories. That's like being opposed to the phone book.

David Kirby
Tallahassee, Florida

To the editors:

With all due respect, I find James Atlas's ain't-it-awful approach to contemporary poetry rather silly. Does he really think that since the scene is overcrowded, poetry itself is dying, or becoming merely decorative? Or that poets who rely on small audiences are appealing to "coteries?" How broad was the early readership for, say, Ashbery or Levine, or for Stevens and Williams, or even Duncan and Olson, for much of their careers? And what does Atlas recommend, a system of licenses, such as New York City hands out to its hacks?

The point, of course, is that strong sober poetry is still being written, and as always, is under perpetual threat. The glut of small presses may simply be a response to the timidity of traditional publishers; the number of magazines and courses may be a sign that poetry fills a deep social and aesthetic need, indiscriminate as it may now seem.

(continued on page 32)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 16, 1978

The "Pitiful, Helpless Giant" Returns

You can scarcely pick up your newspaper without encountering a headline of this sort: "US Moving Toward Vast Revision of Its Strategy on Nuclear Warfare." "Key Advisers to President Support Efforts to Increase Defense Outlay." "Nuclear Arsenal To Be Enhanced." "Weapon That Fights Missiles Could Alter World Defense Focus." "Army General To Command Disarmament Agency." "Carter Adopts a Program to Bolster Civil Defense in a Nuclear Attack." "Pentagon Includes Two New Missiles in its 1979 Budget." "White House Plans Rise to $124 Billion in Military Budget."

It is all too true: a president who got elected promising defense cuts now intends to increase the defense budget while cutting back on social programs. A president who says he believes in eliminating nuclear weapons is authorizing stepped-up development of big new missiles, and big new warheads to go on top. An administration that scorned the concept of fighting "limited nuclear wars" now is studying just such a strategy, and making civil defense plans to go along with it.

What is happening here? The fashionably cynical attitude around Washington is that the administration is playing SALT politics—puffing up Pentagon programs to win Senate support for the forthcoming strategic arms agreement with the Soviet Union. Indisputably, some of this is going on—and the anti-SALT hawks are playing too. The leak of word that Cuba has been equipped with Soviet MIG-23s (arguably capable of being used as offensive nuclear aircraft) was intended to demonstrate that Jimmy Carter hasn't got the guts or judgment that John F. Kennedy or Richard Nixon had, and therefore can't be trusted to negotiate a sound SALT deal with the Soviets. We are inclined to accept the administration's explanation that US intelligence has checked out the planes and determined that they are not equipped for use as nuclear bombers. But we also hope that Carter is quietly insisting that the Soviets get their new MIGs out of Cuba, just to relieve everyone's doubts.

On the administration side, some defense moves are openly—critics say, transparently—designed to win support for SALT. The appointment of General George Seignious to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency was intended to expunge any dovish scents left at the agency by former director Paul Warnke. Seignious, in fact, was the third general (after West Point Commandant Andrew Goodpaster and former White House security adviser Brent Scowcroft) to be sounded out about the post. Seignious also is a friend and college classmate of South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, who may be a key swing voter in the SALT fight.

Then there is the 48 percent budget increase proposed for civil defense next year (from $95 million to $140 million). Senate Republican leader Howard Baker, who almost certainly will be a pivotal figure in the SALT debate, is known to be concerned about US civil defense preparedness. Apparently this increase is intended to pacify him and others sharing his concerns. So is a study of possible mass evacuation of American cities in a nuclear crisis.

Some administration officials actually hold out hope that the intellectual guru of the anti-SALT movement, former Navy Secretary Paul Nitze, may be won over to the administration's side if it agrees to build MX missiles and to deploy them in the "multiple aim point" mode—that is, keeping them moving from place to place underground, so the Soviet Union will not know where they are. President Carter says he has not decided yet whether to go to full production of MX, but others in his administration make it seem a virtual

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certainty, with the only question remaining whether to go for the MAP basing arrangement or some other arrangement, possibly putting the missiles aboard planes that could move them from one place to another.

Even when they acknowledge that SALT salesmanship is involved in their defense decisions, administration officials quickly add it is not their only consideration. We believe them, and (despite the disappointment we have caused some of our readers) we have declared our support for some increased defense outlays. It is simply a fact that the Soviet Union has been expanding its defense budget by four or five percent annually over the last 15 years, while the US has had declining budgets (after inflation is taken into account). The Soviet Union and its allies now hold huge advantages over the United States in virtually all categories of conventional armament, and we simply must act to maintain the credibility of our deterrent, especially in Europe. If Jimmy Carter has changed his mind about the desirability of defense cuts under these circumstances, we cannot criticize: so have we.

But we see a more worrisome trend at work in the Carter administration. Gradually, whether to understand, accommodate or outflank the opponents of SALT and of detente with the Soviet Union, the administration is beginning to adopt not only their programs (ostensibly for tactical reasons) but their attitudes as well.

Instead of the confidence in American power and will that President Carter portrayed at the outset of his term, the administration is showing signs of Nixonification—of believing that the world justifiably regards the United States as some sort of "pitiful, helpless giant" in the face of Soviet challenges, and that we must compensate to show it isn't true. Returning triumphantly to public life (fittingly, outside the United States), Richard Nixon sounded tunes that have become familiar in his absence: the United States lost in Vietnam because Congress would not supply the money in 1974 to keep fighting; now the Soviet Union and the rest of the world doubt American resolve; and we ourselves are held in restraint by four groups: the defeatists, the fearful, "those I would categorize, respectfully, as being naive" and "people who have lost faith in the values of the West." Nixon said *he* knows that President Carter is "no pantywaist." But does Brezhnev? Unfortunately, "Carter has made some moves, the cancellation of the B-1, the cancellation of the Minuteman 3, putting the cruise on the back burner, slowing down the MX, etc., which may give Brezhnev a feeling that maybe Carter is weak."

An attitude of weakness—or belief that others may judge America weak—is beginning to pervade the Carter administration. Its new study of nuclear strategy is based on such attitudes. There is no question that both the United States and the Soviet Union have and will continue to have adequate arsenals to blow each other to smithereens *in a war*. What worries administration officials is that, *in a crisis*, a president might feel incapable of upholding America's interest. How so? Well, if the United States and the Soviet Union were staring eyeball to eyeball, as in the Cuban missile crisis, and the Soviets suddenly began evacuating their cities, but the United States couldn't do likewise, would our president blink? Or, suppose the Soviet Union had the power—as it arguably will in the 1980s—to destroy America's land-based missile force in a first strike. Could the president threaten to retaliate against Soviet cities using sea-based missiles and planes, knowing that American cities would be devastated, too? As administration officials increasingly believe, the war never has to break out. If the Soviets can do something that we can't, and they know it and we know it, and they know that we know that they know . . . well, we've lost.

So the rush is on to make sure there's nothing they can do that we can't. The Carter administration will explore our ability to evacuate cities. We will do something to insure that the Soviets can't knock out our land-based missiles. However, it appears that what we are about to do is to go beyond the simple protection of our ability to deter war by retaliation. We could do that merely by hiding our present land-based missile force, by making it mobile or by replacing it with sea-based missiles or slow, accurate cruise missiles.

Instead, it appears the administration is on the verge of deciding to deploy the MX, a large new US mobile rocket carrying 10 precisely accurate hydrogen warheads. If a new SALT treaty is adopted, limiting the number of rockets each side can deploy, the United States might be able to build as many as 560 MXs, carrying a total of 5600 warheads—more than enough to destroy the Soviet Union's land-based missile force in a US first strike. "There's no question," said an administration official. "If we build the MX, we may well have the first-strike capability against their missiles that they will have against ours if we don't."

So the road to disarmament looks like this. We want a SALT agreement to prevent either the United States or the Soviet Union from gaining an advantage over the other, but to win ratification of the treaty, our side has to promise it will dispense with restraint and take steps to insure that we will gain an advantage. And we will acquire all this excessive, destabilizing strength because we are afraid we are weak. Pitiful.

Coming:
The Political Philosophy
of Linda Ronstadt.

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White House Watch

Idiotics

Here is an account of some of the idiocies, mostly minor, that were observed around the White House at a time when the President and his people were dealing with such serious problems as inflation, how much and where the federal budget will have to be cut if Carter's commitment to curtail the next one is met, and the reflections if any that the Jim Jones cult slaughter in Guyana cast upon American society and the American government's awareness of and responsibility for what goes on in the depths of society. The idiocies were connected with the handling of the problems. In frankness, however, they are noted here mainly by way of temporary escape from the deadlier questions of the day.

A press room zany and publicity seeker asked Press Secretary Jody Powell why the taxpayers instead of a church (not the Peoples Temple) with which Jim Jones was said to have been affiliated would have to meet the cost of bringing home and processing the bodies of the American dead in Guyana. At a Nixon press conference in 1974, I called this character a "bawling jackass" and was applauded by colleagues for doing so. He and Powell almost came to blows, not so much over the question as over the unctuously righteous tone in which it was asked. In these times it's never safe to deride such deridable performances. The House International Affairs Committee is going to look into the Guyana-Jones tragedy, no doubt including the point raised with Powell, at enormous expense and probably at public hearings, probably to little or no useful purpose.

The word got around six weeks or so ago that the White House press office division of media relations, which mostly though not exclusively serves non-Washington broadcast stations, publications and journalists with the sort of help and information, oral and written, that Washington-based publications, networks, stations, news bureaus and journalists get, was going to provide recorded voice reports to radio stations around the country. This had been done for years by various federal departments and agencies. Nixon propagandist Ken Clawson stepped the practice up (though not from the White House) during the Watergate siege. The whole thing seemed so normal and innocuous that this reporter for one didn't bother to mention the prospect. *The New York Times* and CBS News got onto it and made a good deal of it the weekend of December 2 and a great storm over it broke at Powell's press briefing on December 4.

You'd have thought from the chorus of outrage, with none other than Helen Thomas of United Press International in the fore and a few freelancers who serve independent stations chiming in, that the White House was about to displace private enterprise and snatch bread from the mouths of needy journalists with what one questioner called "your White House news service." It gave Powell a chance of the sort he relishes and seldom passes up to take cracks at the self-interest of theoretically disinterested journalists and journalism. The White House press office was indeed on risky ground, but it knew it was by the time the ruckus started and had forestalled any legitimate objection.

Richard Nelson, age 25, a former press assistant to California Congressman Mark Hannaford, NBC production employee and weekend host of a college jazz program in Chicago, was hired at the (by White House standards) remarkably low salary of $20,000 a year to prepare, record and (in the industry's horrible terms) "voice-wrap" White House "actualities" one to three times each 24 hours. "Actualities" are recordings of official voices, at the White House often the President's voice, with an explanatory announcer's "wrap" when necessary. In the first dry runs the announcer signed himself "Rich Nelson at the White House." Broadcasters who use that sign-off to suggest an intimacy they don't actually have objected, with reason. Now the actualities begin "this is the White House press office" and, after the recorded quotation and maybe a short elaboration, end with "this is Rich Nelson of the White House press office." A total of 571 radio stations in six states have been given a nominally secret number to call for the recordings during a month's experimental period. Most of the first working day, the line was jammed with curiosity calls from Washington reporters who'd been given a local number. During the first 38 hours when the line was reasonably open, 350 apparently genuine requests for the recordings were received. The receiving stations are free to throw the recordings away or use any part they wish, with any identification they care to tack on. The actualities December 5 and 6 were brief excerpts, with briefer explanations, from Carter statements at a human rights celebration and a ceremony initiating a foreign student program in honor of Hubert Humphrey. What attraction Carter's characteristic monotone and banalities could have had for radio editors beats me. About $7000 has been spent on a studio in the White House complex. If the experiment is a bust, Carter will use the studio for other recordings. Nelson is assured of another job with media liaison if he wants to stay.

On November 19 *The New York Times* started a more substantial row with a report that budget director James T. McIntyre Jr. favored a rollback from the President's qualified but serious commitment to NATO allies to increase the real level of US defense spending by three percent per year. Carter simply cannot do this and meet his unqualified commitment to the US public to hold the upcoming fiscal 1980 budget deficit to "$30 billion or less" without drastic cutbacks in domestic programs. The *Times* had the usual "authoritative

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official sources" saying that McIntyre "is preparing to take his case to the President." The next day Jody Powell said at his daily press briefing: "The reports that McIntyre either has decided to or will recommend a particular course of action with regard to the defense budget are just not accurate. McIntyre says that he has not really begun the review there and that he has made no determination on what he will recommend to the President." The *Times* did not report Powell's denial. I'd already checked for myself and been told that McIntyre had said to *Times* bureau chief Hedrick Smith at breakfast the previous Friday essentially what Smith had his "authoritative sources" saying. I thought to myself at the briefing, "My God, this is the first time I've known Powell to just plain lie." Later I was told that McIntyre had and had not said to Powell what Powell said he'd said. I conclude that Powell was not consciously and intentionally lying. He was trying to say nothing and in the end made things worse. It's public knowledge at this writing that McIntyre has taken the position in White House discussions that he'd told Smith he would take, and that Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, among others, is urging Carter to maintain the full defense commitment.

A sequel tells quite a bit about how the place and its denizens work. The *Times* reported December 5 that Carter assistants Hamilton Jordan and Gerald Rafshoon were supporting Brown, in the belief that high defense spending is popular and politically wise. The same report had Stuart Eizenstat, the chief domestic adviser, backing McIntyre and urging the President to modify the defense commitment and thus make room for more spending than otherwise would be possible on the domestic social programs associated with the Democratic party. A reporter told one of Eizenstat's secretaries that he wanted to check the story with Eizenstat. Eizenstat told Jordan and Rafshoon about the reporter's inquiry. They and, it later turned out, Jody Powell agreed on what the reporter should be told. It was that Eizenstat alone of the four had actually expressed a view on the budget issue to Carter. What the view was would remain private between Eizenstat and the President. The agreed word was that Rafshoon and Powell, who want it believed that they are more concerned with publicizing policy than setting policy, had not been asked to express a view to Carter and had not done so. Rafshoon and Powell later told me as much, speaking for themselves. Taking them at their word, which I do, does not altogether dispose of the question. They have views, they express the views to associates, and that kind of talk affects other advisers. It may get to the President without formal or direct consultation. Jordan, who is openly and deeply involved in both foreign and domestic policy making, sent word that as of December 5 he had been busy with domestic politics and really hadn't been consulted about defense budget levels. He undoubtedly will be and I have reason to expect him to side with Brown against McIntyre.

Although the behavior reflected in our concluding item is not really idiotic, it and the White House and media handling of it seem to fit into this piece.

Peter Peckarsky, a freelance radio and print reporter, sold ABC News information on which it based a televised suggestion last October 19 that there had been serious hankypanky in Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter's federal income tax returns and in a family company's real and personal property tax reports and payments in Sumter County, Georgia. Peckarsky was enraged by ABC's failure to credit him, announced to the White House press corps that it was his story, and has been trying without success to sell the whole of his Carter tax stuff elsewhere for what he calls "big bucks." He puts his failure to sell it down to craven editors and broadcasters. I put it down to prudence on their part. Anyhow, I am going to skip a horrendous mass of figures and go to the essential outcome of the business to date.

The ABC-Peckarsky report in October led to extensive reinvestigation in Sumter County of the local tax returns, practices and payments of Carter's Warehouse, the family peanut processing and marketing business. Inasmuch as the Internal Revenue Service had already audited and okayed Jimmy and Rosalynn's federal income tax returns for calendar 1973, 1975 and 1976, and since has audited their 1977 return, there hasn't been a lot of federal activity. Intensive media curiosity, however, has raised questions about a million-dollar loan for plant investment that Carter's Warehouse got from Bert Lance's National Bank of Georgia and about a family and company claim for large federal tax credits resulting from investment of the million in the peanut plant. Carter said December 1 that the audits had caused "enormous personal expense to me, like $30,000 (to) $40,000," presumably for legal and accounting services. A lawyer acquainted with his affairs assumes that he meant cost of all the audits since 1973. Carter's language is unclear on the point. Anybody who knows Carter will attest that the cost, for whatever period, was and is truly painful to him.

Three conclusions arise from the mass of figures, circumstances and claims that the reader is herewith spared. First, Jimmy Carter over the years and during his presidency has gone the legal limit to minimize his taxes, which is his right. There is no showing that he has gone beyond the legal limit. Second, all of the million borrowed from the Lance bank went into the declared plant investment, despite preliminary indications that about $300,000 of it might have been used for something else at a time when Carter was partly financing his campaign for the nomination with other borrowings. Third, an increase by state appraisers in the valuation of the peanut plant improvements from Sumter County's original gross total

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of under $700,000 to $1,007,895 documents and on its face justifies for the first time the $1-million claim for federal investment tax credit. The state revaluation was made at White House request, as a favor to Carter, and went beyond the state's normal function and jurisdiction.

The Sumter County reappraisal of plant values resulted in a total increase in Carter's Warehouse property taxes of $2330 for 1976 and 1977. Carter owns 62 percent of Carter's Warehouse. His share of the increased tax is $1445. After a permitted deduction of $700 from 1978 state and federal income taxes, the net cost to him of the county reappraisal will be $745. As he indicated in comparing it with what the audits have cost him, that's peanuts.

John Osborne

The education of Wayne Krassow.

A Few Dead Men

Last June 29, Wayne Krassow and Lester Watts had been at the Fort Jackson army base for three days. They had been processed through the "receptee area" to which all recruits are first brought, been issued their uniforms, gotten their haircuts and assorted inoculations, and sat through their first indoctrination lectures. They were typical recruits—18-year-old boys from small towns in Ohio and South Carolina—just two of the more than 7000 recruits normally stationed at the base, the Army's biggest facility for training new soldiers. And it was a typical summer day in Columbia, South Carolina. The temperature was 105 degrees, the humidity was oppressively high, and the sky was clear—what the Army calls "category four" weather. The Army categorizes weather conditions to protect its soldiers from the dangers of severe heat and cold, restricting training activities according to the category. In category four weather, "unacclimated" soldiers—those who have been in basic training for two weeks or less—are not supposed to engage in any outdoor physical training at all. Basic training, of course, is supposed to "acclimate" recruits to the rigors of military life, transforming flabby civilians into lean, tough soldiers. This is a necessarily gradual process, since many recruits are strangers to strenuous physical exercise. The first two weeks of training are supposed to be particularly light.

Krassow and Watts, however, had not even begun basic training. For them, June 29 was an "arrival day." On this day recruits are moved to their company areas, where they are shown to their barracks, issued bedding and lockers and, if time permits, given demonstrations of a few light drills. Basic training would not begin for two days. (The next day, "zero day," was set aside for more orientation, organization and such.)

But the drill sergeant to whom Krassow and Watts were assigned, 34-year-old Lawrence Chapman Jr., had his own ideas about how trainees should be broken in. That evening about 8 p.m., ignoring the base-wide prohibition on exercise, Chapman put his recruits through an hour of heavy drills, including crawling in sand and carrying sandbags. According to later testimony, several recruits collapsed in the heat, but the sergeant refused to provide first aid. He also singled out Krassow and Watts for particularly strenuous drills. Krassow had to run carrying a 25-pound sandbag and do pushups with a full duffel bag strapped on his back. Watts had to run while carrying a log. Krassow collapsed several times. Finally another drill sergeant, Willie Alexander, walked over to where he was lying. "This one's dead. Get a shovel and bury him," Alexander said, according to several witnesses, and then put two open ammonia capsules in the recruit's nostrils. Both Krassow and Watts were stricken with heat stroke. Krassow collapsed at 9:40 that evening and died before he reached the hospital. Watts died shortly after midnight.

Justice was swift. The Army court-martialed the two drill sergeants on charges ranging from dereliction of duty to involuntary manslaughter. If convicted of all the charges, Chapman and Alexander could have been jailed for more than six years at hard labor, demoted to the lowest enlisted rank and dishonorably discharged. After a five-day trial, Chapman was found guilty on December 4 of negligent homicide, maltreatment and dereliction of duty. For the actions that caused the death of Wayne Krassow, Chapman was demoted one grade, remaining a sergeant, and fined $500. He was acquitted of the charges related to Lester Watts's death. Alexander's trial was scheduled to begin the next day.

Such horror stories are almost commonplace. The Army was embarrassed by this case, mainly because up to now the Marines had gotten most of the attention for abusing recruits. It was the Marines who had come under uncomfortable scrutiny due to one well-publicized 1975 incident in which a 20-year-old recruit was fatally beaten in a drill that involved fighting with padded clubs. Lynn McClure, a frail, mentally retarded 115-pounder stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina, was forced to fight several bigger Marines, one of whom split McClure's skull. Three months later he died. McClure's was a clear-cut case of abuse compounded by abuse. He shouldn't have been in the Marine Corps to begin with. When McClure, a high-school dropout, first took the mental aptitude test, he got a score of seven out of a possible 100. When he took the test a second time, presumably with the help of a

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quota-hungry recruiting officer, McClure got a 50—good enough to qualify for induction. If the recruiter had bothered to check, he would have found out that McClure also had been arrested several times by the police in his home town of Lufkin, Texas. Once in basic training, McClure proved to be such a poor soldier that he was put in one of the dreaded "motivational platoons," where bad performance was punished with particularly heavy drills, including pugil-stick combat. McClure's wasn't a routine pugil-stick injury. He was knocked down several times and tried to run away, but despite his pathetic pleas was brought back to be beaten some more. McClure's death became a *cause célèbre*, provoking a congressional investigation and the court-martial of several Marines. After the uproar died down, however, the Marine Corps disposed of the case quietly. Of those Marines charged with various types of misconduct in the incident, two were fully cleared and four received only letters of reprimand. The drill instructor in charge of McClure's squad was acquitted of all charges, including involuntary manslaughter and negligent homicide.

In most of the cases that have gotten attention, the outcome has been similar. In another well-publicized incident, a Marine recruit at Parris Island was threatened with death and then shot in the hand by his drill instructor. The drill instructor, Sergeant Robert Henson, pleaded guilty to eight charges for harassing and shooting the soldier and for trying to cover up the incident. He got two months at hard labor. An accomplice was reduced two grades in rank and fined $1200. The private who was shot later testified that his superiors had frequently abused him physically. One even bit him on the ear. Only the bizarre nature of this last abuse makes it unusual. Apparently drill instructors abuse recruits all the time, despite regulations that prohibit even touching them. In 1975, for example, 150 of Parris Island's 600 drill instructors were accused of various types of offenses against recruits. Of these only 14 were formally court-martialed; about half received "non-judicial punishment" ranging from demotion to fines to reprimands.

The record of the Army and the Marine Corps in handling the disturbingly frequent deaths of raw recruits is almost uniformly poor. Neither has shown much enthusiasm for eradicating the widespread mistreatment of soldiers by maniacal drill instructors whose notions of training have little to do with producing efficient soldiers. These military services have always prided themselves on turning boys into men. What they apparently haven't learned—and perhaps don't want to—is how to avoid turning training officers into sadists.

Krassow and Watts, like Lynn McClure before them, were the wretched victims of a twisted spartan ideal of manhood, the same ideal that produced soldiers like William Calley. There have been some signs that the old way of seeing things is giving way, but other signs that it is more virulent than ever. There is, for example, the case of General George S. Patton III, who while in Vietnam used to send Christmas cards featuring color photographs of Viet Cong corpses. He is now commander of Fort Hood in Texas. Certainly the services try to present a somewhat different picture to potential recruits, while subtly suggesting that the military is really the only way to become a man. Krassow and Watts might have been moved to enlist by the Army's television spots, which feature happily sweating young soldiers training on lush green drill fields, backed by a swelling musical jingle: "Well, I think I'm gonna get the education of my life, and I think it's just exactly what I need." Krassow and Watts didn't learn much from their brutally brief terms in uniform. From all evidence, neither did the Army.

Stephen Chapman

On the Hill.

Freshman Orientation

It was freshman orientation week for US representatives at the beginning of December, and at one session for newly elected Democrats, a veteran of nine years in the House explained how things used to be when he arrived.

He was told by Fishbait Miller where his office was. The senior Democrat from his state told him what committee he would be on, which was the last one he would have chosen. "I met the chairman the first day and didn't meet him again as long as I was a member. I asked the committee staff for information about what was going on. They told me, 'Don't worry. It'll all become clear.'"

By luck, he said, he moved eight months later to the Appropriations Committee, a choice assignment. However, "in those days, you didn't pick your subcommittee. The chairman put you where he wanted you, according to whether you agreed with his philosophy. If you didn't agree with him, you got buried. All subcommittee meetings were closed. You couldn't attend meetings of a subcommittee of which you were not a member. I did not speak in committee for eight months."

Finally, he said, his moment came. A motion was offered that subcommittee meetings be opened to the public. "I was going to say in support of it that one way to assure that the press will not show up is to make the meetings public," but when he rose, his aged subcommittee chairman cut him off, yelling: "'Shut up, you

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smart ass young punk.' I said, 'Kiss my ass, you senile old bastard.' Those were my first official words to him."

Things are obviously better for junior representatives nowadays, as a result of the reform movement that began in earnest in the late 1960s. Another veteran summarized the change this way: "When I arrived in 1965, our orientation consisted of a little speech by the speaker, John McCormack. He said, 'whenever you pass a committee chairman in the House, you bow from the waist. I do.' But, as a result of what's happened here since then, the rule now is, when the committee chairman passes you in the hallway, it's he who does the bowing."

Since 1969, the pace and extent of reform in the House have been astounding and have been almost universally praised, except by the old bulls whose authority was being stripped away. Committee chairmen used to achieve power by seniority. Thereafter, they were virtually absolute rulers of their dukedoms, unchallengeable either by the House leadership or by other members of Congress. No longer. Now chairmen are subject to a ratification vote in the Democratic caucus at the start of each Congress, and several chairmen have been removed.

Now there are limits on how many committees a member can serve on, guaranteeing that all members, including freshmen, can get on a major committee. Members are also entitled to pick their own subcommittee assignments in order of seniority. Members are restricted to one subcommittee chairmanship, so that power now is shared more widely. In the old days, members might wait 20 years to achieve a subcommittee chairmanship. Now, if they are willing to serve on a minor enough panel (say, on the District of Columbia committee), it is possible to become a "Mr. Chairman" in the first or second term.

Reformers also abolished much of the secrecy that used to surround important House activities. Half of all committee and subcommittee meetings used to be closed to the press and public, especially sessions at which bills were drafted and revised. House-Senate conference committees invariably were closed. Now almost all such deliberations are open. It used to be that no record was kept of voting on amendments on the House floor, reducing members' accountability for their actions. Now record votes are required.

Obviously, reform has made the House a more democratic place than it used to be. It is more open, more accountable. Presumably, it is more responsive to the public. And yet reform has had its costs. Until the Democratic caucus took action last week to limit subcommittee assignments, members averaged 6.2 committee and subcommittee assignments. A survey showed that 38 percent of the time the average member had two or more meetings scheduled. "It is an inhuman schedule," one veteran Democrat told the freshmen. "The main condition that we work under here is, we're always tired."

Being a representative has become a young man's game. The pace, when it does not kill older members, causes them to retire, as they do each term in record numbers. Liberal pension benefits also encourage early departures, making room for younger newcomers. Of 277 Democrats in the House, 152 have been in Congress for four years or less. Of the 77 members of the incoming freshman class, more than half are in their 30s. This seems to insure that the American public will have energetic representatives in Washington, but it does not guarantee that they will be wise.

In an interview with Saul Friedman of the Knight-Ridder newspapers, four-term representative David Obey of Wisconsin put the issue nicely. House members of the new generation "have no institutional memory which would give some understanding of what their party, the House and the leadership stood for in the past and why some unity and discipline is necessary," said Obey, himself a onetime reform leader. "As a result, there is little loyalty to the institutions, but only to themselves and their political survival."

In this connection, freshman orientation weekend was especially enlightening. At both Republican and Democratic sessions, the major focus of attention was not on the major problems facing the nation or even on how best to serve one's constituents, but on how to get reelected. The Republicans, meeting at a motel 25 miles outside Washington, closed their gatherings to the press. But a staff member who organized the orientation said its purpose was to tell the freshmen "how to put together an office and plan ahead so they can get reelected." Subjects of panel discussions included: Strengthening Your Political Organization: Working with the Media (one newcomer came out of the session and said its message was, "Don't talk to the press"); and Legal and Ethical Questions (that is, about money). The Democratic Study Group's orientation was held in a congressional hearing room. The press was admitted with the understanding that speakers would not be quoted by name.

To give them their due, both parties did schedule sessions on worthy subjects like staff hiring, house hunting in Washington and organization of a congressional office. The Republicans hired an accounting firm and two psychologists to deliver lectures on what it's like to be a representative, while the Democrats made do with other representatives as guides. But at virtually every discussion, whatever its topic, the real subject was the 1980 election.

Subject: How to run a congressional office. "My office," a sophomore congressman told the freshmen, "is built on quick response to constituent mail—a 24-hour turnaround. People find this very impressive, and there's been a lot of talk in my district about it. It creates a lot of support." The congressman did not say whether the content of 24-hour turnaround mail was thoughtful, nor was he asked.

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Another young congressman said he had come to office in 1976 by a very narrow margin. "My foremost thought was, how can I improve my voting percentage in 1978? I decided to make the center of my operation in my district office. I wanted to be like Lincoln, about whom it was said, 'you can't tell where the people leave off and Lincoln begins.' I made a big deal of it in my district. I won by one percent in 1976 and 41 percent in 1978. You can't do that in a three-month campaign."

Subject: "Legislative novelties, which the press sometimes calls gimmicks." A favorite new device is the mobile congressional office which tours shopping centers of one New York suburban congressman's district six or seven days a week, containing a staff member to take information about constituent problems. "I'm on it for two hours every Saturday," the congressman said, "and I get nurses to give free blood-pressure exams. I get 20 or 30 people on Saturday. They can either talk to me about the big issues, like the shah of Iran, or get a blood-pressure exam. Most of them take the exam."

This same congressman has a staff person who carefully reads local weekly newspapers. If a constituent has had a promotion or has made a college dean's list, she or he gets a note from the congressman's office. A baby rates a pink or blue birth certificate. "During a campaign," said the congressman, "maybe 100 people will talk to me about my legislative record and what I stand for, but 5000 will remember they got a letter."

Subject: Publicity. "It's embarrassing and disgraceful, the extent to which you can manage the media," a two-term representative said. "I have my own TV show. It gets cabled into 70,000 homes in my district. I've interviewed Lillian Carter and all the major athletes in my district—you know, about mental health and physical fitness."

Subject: Choosing your committee assignment. "The most important factor," said a just-reelected representative, "is the political one. How will this help you get reelected? I made a case to the Democratic leadership that if I did not do something about a dam in my district, I would not be reelected, and so they put me on Public Works. Sometimes, you have to exaggerate a little."

Subject: Fundraising. "Your reelection campaign started today, or the day after you were elected," said a two-termer. He advised to start calling big contributors immediately. "When you meet somebody with a chunk of money, write it down—his name, his home telephone number, his girlfriend's telephone number, his lake house number."

One shouldn't be too naive in judging what was said at these freshman orientation sessions. After all, the Constitution provides for representatives to be elected every two years. The founding fathers intended them to be constantly running for office, on the theory that they would stay close to their constituencies. But there is little sense that the new breed of representative actually stands for anything except what will best insure reelection. They are not liberals or conservatives, or deeply committed anythings. Talking with freshman Democrats, it's clear that many of them won by seizing on the Republican tax-cut issue and making it seem fiscally irresponsible.

Reform in the House, democratizing and opening though it has been, also has fragmented the governing power of the whole United States government. Since the Vietnam war, Congress has seized authority from the executive branch in both foreign and domestic policy. But within Congress, authority has been dispersed, not strengthened. The committee chairmen no longer rule. The speaker does not rule. King Caucus does not rule. Dozens of individual subcommittee chairmen now control tiny areas of legislation, often competing with other subcommittee chairmen over jurisdiction. Special interests, private and bureaucratic, attach themselves to subcommittees, and the private interests are major sources of funding. Open committee sessions are not as useful to the public and the press as they are to lobbyists who now can see if they are getting their money's worth.

It is good that representatives can get to be subcommittee chairmen sooner than they used to. It's good we can see how they vote on amendments. Maybe it's good they are younger and more vigorous. But I'd rather have them solve the problems of energy and inflation than send me a pink birth certificate in the mail.

Morton Kondracke

Why today's smart political animals are Democrats.

Nixon's Gift to the GOP

The Republican party has some grounds to be pleased with last month's elections. It picked up six governorships, including the important ones of Texas and Pennsylvania. It gained three Senate seats in a year when it had almost as many Senate seats to defend as the Democrats. But the Republicans gained only 11 seats of the 435 up for grabs in the House of Representatives. This is a very poor showing. Why are the Republicans so weak in House races? The answer, I think, tells a lot about how our political system works—and how it is likely to work in the future.

The conventional wisdom about House races stresses the value of incumbency. Representatives tend to get reelected because they use the perquisites of their office—the free mailing privilege, the travel allowance,

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the large staff—to keep in close touch with their constituents and to act as a sort of ombudsman for constituents who have a problem with government. This cozy little system, Republicans say, is one reason they cannot win many House seats; for most of the incumbents are Democrats, and most of the House seats are unavailable.

But the power of incumbency does not fully explain the Republicans' failure to make substantial gains in 1978. Party strategists knew about the difficulties they faced when they went up against incumbents. In 1977 they astutely decided to concentrate on open seats—districts where no incumbent was running. Fortunately for their cause, there was a record number of open seats this year—58, more than in any other year since World War II. The Republicans spent large sums on recruiting and training candidates—much more than the Democrats did in 1974 or 1976, when most of their good candidates were self-starters. But the Republicans made only minimal gains among the open seats: they captured eight Democratic-held seats, but they lost five Republican-held seats to Democrats, for a net gain of just three.

We may have reached the crest of the wave, and incumbency may become a less overwhelming advantage than it has been. Nineteen House incumbents were defeated this year—more than in any election in the last 12 years, except for the landslide year of 1974. Eighty-two percent of the House members were reelected—seemingly high, but actually the lowest percentage in 20 years except for the landslide years of 1964 and 1974, when the figure was not much lower: 79 percent. There was almost as much turnover in the membership of the House this year as in 1974. But in that year the Democrats gained 47 seats. This year the Republicans gained 12.

The issues and the campaign dialogue in 1974—primarily Watergate—favored the Democrats. But the issues and the campaign dialogue this year—primarily inflation, taxes and spending—favored the Republicans. That is shown clearly enough by the GOP success in the Senate races. There can only be one reason for the Republicans' relatively poor showing in House races: they simply do not have enough good candidates.

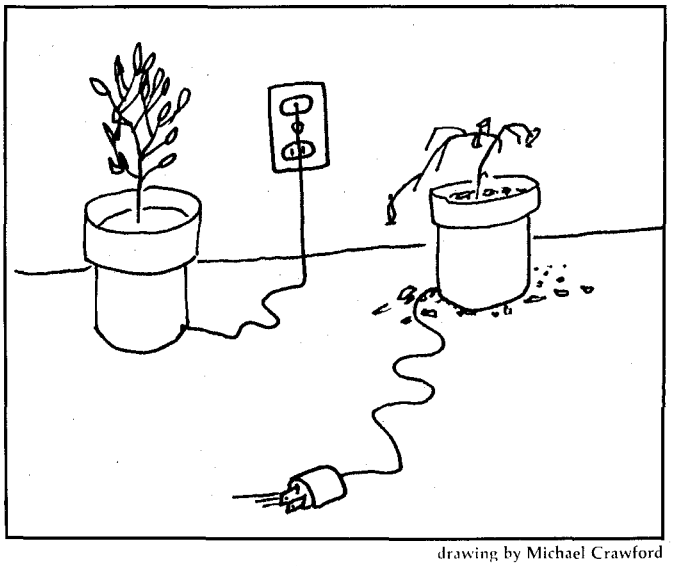
That is not as obvious a point as it sounds. The quality of the candidate has become critical in House races. In a time when voters are ready to abandon party affiliations for any good reason, and at a time when voters generally pay little attention to House elections, there is a terrific premium on the candidate, regardless of party, who can make himself well known and well liked. That takes a lot of hard work and ambition. It also takes political skill—an understanding of the political process, how it works and how it can be made to work for a candidate.

Our society is not overrun with the kind of smart political animals who make good candidates. They are not anything like evenly spread across our population. Rather, as we can see from judging the backgrounds of candidates recently elected to Congress and the state legislatures, they tend to be drawn from a narrow segment of our society. They tend to be young—successful first-time House candidates are typically in their early 30s. They still tend to be mostly men. And they tend—and this is probably the most important—to be from the upper middle class and to have been college educated.

There was a time when many members of Congress, Democrats particularly, came from humble backgrounds. They had worked their way up through Democratic political machines or through labor unions, and they had gotten as their reward a congressional seat. Now there are fewer members with backgrounds like that each election. Virtually none of the younger members of Congress lacks a college degree. Many have graduate degrees. Probably most are from comfortable circumstances.

In the past, people with such backgrounds would have tended to be Republicans, with a Democratic minority. And indeed if you looked back to, say, the late 1950s and early 1960s and considered the members of Congress, you would have seen most of the college-educated members were Republicans. It was considered natural, at that time, for a young man whose parents could afford a college education to adhere to the Republican party. The kind of atmosphere young men found in college and law school, whether they attended before World War II like Gerald Ford or Richard Nixon or after like so many veterans who became young Republican congressmen in the 1950s, was one conducive to becoming a Republican. Democrats were oddities, eggheads, rebels—definitely not the norm.

It seems a fair bet that in those times the reservoir of potential successful congressional candidates—which never amounts to more than a few thousand at a time across the nation—was mostly filled with Republicans. Certainly in the 1950s and early 1960s it was Republicans who pioneered the techniques of winning



drawing by Michael Crawford

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elections—and winning reelection—in districts that seemed more disposed to the opposition. Young congressmen like Joel Broyhill of northern Virginia learned to use the advantages of incumbency to help them win reelection, and held on to their seats in Democratic years like 1958 and 1964. They were advancing the ideas they had embraced when they came to political maturity, in college or not too long afterwards, and taking maximum advantage of the political system to do so.

This Republican advantage continued through the 1966 election, when the Republicans gained most of the House seats they had lost in the 1964 Goldwater landslide. Indeed, they came out of that period stronger than ever, for many of the incumbents defeated had been lazy or out of touch, while the young Republicans elected in 1966 were hard-working and stayed close to their constituents. These Republicans came, predominantly, from the Republican college generation of the immediate postwar era or the early 1950s. Working with southern Democrats, they more or less controlled the House of Representatives until the Democrats' big victory in the Watergate year of 1974.

But as the 1970s began, the Republicans seemed to be getting fewer and fewer capable House candidates. Democrats picked off some Republican seats in 1970 and 1972, and then in 1974 had their big Watergate landslide. They have held that level of control since—declining only from 290 seats in 1974 to 276 in 1978. Moreover, Democratic representatives today seem to hold far more districts more naturally inclined toward the opposition than Republicans do. The only plausible explanation is that the Democrats have consistently had better candidates—that a disproportionate share of the smart political animals in the country are calling themselves Democrats.

This is not just my observation. Just about every careful political observer—including some Republican campaign officials—admits that Democrats had far better House candidates than Republicans in 1974, 1976 and, to only a slightly lesser extent despite the Republican trend of the year, in 1978. Moreover, the Democrats' edge in good candidates is substantiated by the results of state legislative races. In these three elections, Democrats have won between 65 percent and 70 percent of the legislative seats in the country—an overwhelming preponderance. This is far more than is explainable by the underlying political sympathies of any particular state.

In 1976 the Democrats captured control of the lower house of the legislatures in both Vermont and Kansas. These are historically Republican states, and in fact Republicans carried statewide races that year. There were no particular specific issues favoring the Democrats. Nor was there any evidence that Vermonters or Kansans were electing a different kind of person to the legislature; they were still choosing the small town lawyer or teacher or pharmacist active in community organizations. The only difference was that in 1976 these people were calling themselves, suddenly, Democrats. When would they have adopted that party identification? It must have been in college, about 10 years before.

Those who are in their early 30s now—and they comprise a large share of the body of good candidates the Democrats have been fielding—were the college generation of the Vietnam war era. People 28 to 35 graduated from college between 1965 and 1972, so many of the recently elected members of Congress were part of the campus culture of this period.

What were the political events of that time? Ronald Reagan was sending in state troopers to Berkeley. Richard Nixon was pleased to let Americans think there was nothing that bothered him much about the shooting of peaceably demonstrating students at Kent State. Conservative politicians were making much to-do about the need for cracking down on the smoking of marijuana. In general, the Republican party was attempting to profit from the hostility of many older voters to students and their lifestyle. Naturally, the vast majority of students in those years was hostile to the Republicans in turn.

We forget in these more placid days the kind of atmosphere that prevailed then. But the intensity—and universality—of it can be suggested by the numbers. In 1960, when colleges were calm, students at Harvard in a straw vote went 58 percent for Kennedy and 42 percent for Nixon—hardly a landslide. There were, certainly, some young Republicans there who might make good political candidates for their party in the future. In 1972, after seven years in Vietnam, Harvard voted 94 percent for George McGovern and six percent for Nixon. Of course Harvard is not typical of all campuses. But the results are at least suggestive of the kind of atmosphere that prevailed at many universities that produce future political candidates. How many savvy Republican politicians could be expected to grow out of that horde of McGovern voters?

The Republican strategists at the time were proud of their acumen in appealing to the "un-young, the un-black and the un-poor." They did not mind if they antagonized blacks or students. In the short term, their calculations made sense. Few blacks or students voted, and Republicans won some elections because they catered to some voters' prejudices against these groups. But in the long run these tactics have badly hurt the Republicans. For what the Republican party did was to antagonize almost a whole generation of political leaders, of smart political animals, and to send them over to the Democratic party. It is their misfortune that, because of the baby boom, this was a disproportionately large generation. It is striking to read the biographies of young Democratic congressmen and to note how many of them were brought up as Republicans. But in the era of Richard Nixon and

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Ronald Reagan, the years of Vietnam and Kent State, they became Democrats instead—and now, by their numbers, they dominate the state legislatures and the House of Representatives.

As a Democrat, I am pleased that the anti-student politics of Nixon and Reagan 10 years ago has resulted in the Republican party's continuing failure to field good candidates and therefore its continued poor showing in House and state legislature elections. With the advantages of incumbency, even if they are not quite as powerful as they used to be, the Democrats' edge in the House will probably continue for some time.

But not forever. The campuses today are apparently quite different places than they were 10 years ago—more like the colleges that gave us Gerald Ford than the colleges that gave us today's young House Democrats. The political experiences and intellectual climate that shape students are more varied today than they were at a time when 94 percent of Harvard students could agree on McGovern. Free market ideas, I would guess, are more respected; and critiques of our makeshift welfare state from the right as well as the left command considerable respect. Surely the Republican party label is not regarded with the hatred—and paranoia—that it was by so many a decade ago. Voting Republican is no longer unheard of. Apparently a majority of voters under 21 voted for Gerald Ford in 1976—and, in California, for that old scourge of campus radicals, S.I. Hayakawa.

So it seems likely that Republicans won't suffer very long from the shortage of good candidates that has hurt them so much in the last several elections. As a new generation of politicians grows up, some fair number of them are going to be Republican. And smart political animals, regardless of the year or the climate of opinion, are going to win some seats, just as some smart Democrats ousted some Republican House members this year. The Republicans will have better candidates and start winning more House races in the early 1980s. Their performance may depend to some extent on issues and the national images of the parties. But if recent House elections tell us anything, it is that a clever candidate can win just about any kind of district if the seat is open or if the incumbent has any weaknesses. If my thesis is right, there is an end in sight to the Republicans' lean years.

Michael Barone

Michael Barone is coauthor of *The Almanac of American Politics* (Dutton) and a vice president of Peter D. Hart Research Associates, a political consulting firm.

The United Nations as psychotherapy for America's overprivileged intellectual elite.

Masochism at the UN

by Edward N. Luttwak

When Daniel Patrick Moynihan was appointed ambassador to the UN in June 1975, he found a settled policy in place at the United States mission in New York and in the State Department's offices in Washington. This policy was reflected in the diplomatic stance of the American delegates in the General Assembly and in the several special-purpose conferences the UN sponsored on issues such as women's rights, food and trade. The foreign service officers in the UN mission and back at the State Department maintained a continuity of style and of methods as ambassadors came and went, and even from one administration to another. Of course this is perfectly normal throughout the federal bureaucracy. Also entirely normal was the symbiotic relationship between the official American bureaucracy at the UN and various non-government bodies such as the Council on Foreign Relations, the Ford and Rockefeller foundations, other foundations active in foreign policy, the United Nations Association and so on. These influential organizations conferred intellectual authority and social prestige on the established policy. This policy in fact reflected a world view largely shaped by the countless studies, seminars

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and conferences sponsored over the years by those same organizations. Virtually every segment of the federal bureaucracy has a similar supportive network on the outside.

By 1975 this continuity of policy and of attitude had produced a world view that wholly undermined their validity. In this world view, the non-aligned "new nations of the third world" were held to be the impartial referees of international politics, whose approval we must seek. Furthermore, we could win their approval once we ceased to practice racism at home, once we withdrew our support from the survival of European colonialism, once we ceased to bully poor countries to protect the interests of exploitative multinational corporations—and of course once we ended the war in Indochina. But by 1975 the "non-aligned" nations were so only in name: they formed a group that gave loud support to Cuba while ignoring its own moderate minority, and which somehow always seemed to side with the Soviet Union at the UN no matter what the subject. By 1975 the tripartite alignment between the Communist states, the Arabs and most of the third world—a majority of African states as well as India—was unfailingly aligned against whatever position the United States happened to take.

Only the willfully prejudiced could still accuse the United States government of sanctioning racial prejudice; by then there was no longer any European colonialism to be protected; and the United States had consigned Indochina to a totalitarian peace. And yet the attack upon the United States was still increasing in intensity: American depredations were the cause of world poverty; American arms fed Zionist aggression; American support ensured the perpetuation of South African racism; American selfishness was sabotaging the advent of the "new international economic order." No speech by the leaders of the third world at the UN was complete without paragraph after paragraph of anti-American invective. When the United States lost a major vote, third world delegates jeered and jumped on the tables in exuberance. When American delegates were speaking, they were ignored, that being the preferred time to loudly discuss weekend plans, assignations and the latest increase in expense allowances.

What these unheard Americans actually said was conditioned by the approved world view: there never was a forthright refutation of the ceaseless flow of accusations, even when Puerto Rican independence (contrary to the expressed will of the Puerto Rican electorate) was the subject. There was never an articulation of the democratic view in response to the totalitarian prescriptions given such wide currency. Instead the tone was apologetic and resolutely "constructive." That word has a special meaning in the context: the delegates of the United States were to avoid ideological disputations and focus on substantive problems. If the subject was women's rights, then the American delegation would draft concrete proposals to improve the lot of women and simply ignore the anti-American diatribes that in fact occupied a large proportion of the proceedings. If the subject was food, the United States should be forthcoming in offering better access to the products of its agriculture and waste no time in refuting the charge repeated in speech after speech for days on end that Americans, who eat less than they produce, are the cause of hunger elsewhere. And so it went.

This "constructive" attitude meant in effect that the United States alone refrained from giving expression to its ideals and values. The Soviet Union and a hundred others were unopposed as they systematically used the UN to propagate their own ideologies: collectivistic, overtly anti-democratic, Islamic, Islamo-socialist or plain bizarre.

The US delegation's approved world view prescribed a total ideological and even diplomatic passivity, and it therefore induced a form of cognitive dissonance. On July 9, 1975, for example, Barbara M. White, having represented the US at the UN's International Women's Year Conference in Mexico City, cabled enthusiastically on the outcome, beginning with: "THE U.S. ACHIEVED ITS PRINCIPLE OBJECTIVE: PASSAGE OF A WORLD PLAN OF ACTION." This cable was about a conference in which the US had to vote against the final declaration, since the very weak language about women's rights in its text was buried in an avalanche of accusations on all the usual subjects. Similarly, the World Food Conference in Bucharest which had ended in the exactly the same manner, was reported by another cable beginning "THE U.S. ACHIEVED ALL ITS PRINCIPLE OBJECTIVES."

In the approved world view, the third world was a gathering of the deserving poor whose overriding interest was to become less poor. This would seem to be a self-evident proposition. But the United States representatives at the UN deal not with the poor, but rather with the envoys of the autocrats and dictatorial cliques who control the destinies of the poor. *They* are not poor, and certainly not hungry. Their primary concerns are not "constructive" but political. As a result, they are much more interested in the diplomatic-political aim of maintaining the solidarity of the tripartite Communist-Arab-third world alliance at the UN than in using its agencies to render service to their peoples. This requires that Israel be attacked, to please the Arabs, and that the United States be humiliated at every opportunity, to please Moscow. Thus it was Bangladesh, of all countries in the world, that proved willing in 1975 to wreck a major food program to secure the arbitrary exclusion of an American citizen from its management. And it is the masters of millions of illiterates who have for years preoccupied UNESCO with the sins of Israeli archaeology (judged perfectly proper by UNESCO's own panel of experts) and with the attempt to universalize the *Pravda* concept of news, at the expense

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of sorely needed educational programs.

It should not be surprising that the dictatorial elites of the third world have been so little interested in substantive action to help their poor. Their stance at the UN faithfully reflects their internal priorities: avid customers for Mercedes Benz cars and all the luxuries of the West, prodigal to their ill-trained but often beautifully equipped armies, the proud owners of palaces and lavish villas that put to shame the modest bungalows where colonial administrators once lived, the rulers of the third world favor economic equality only on the international level. They do not promote the domestic variety. Yesterday's social-democrats have ceased to be socialist or democratic, and are now mainly kleptocratic.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan appeared among this band as United States ambassador to the UN for seven months in 1975 and 1976. During that brief period a new world view motivated our stance at the UN. If attacked, the United States would defend itself; if others proclaimed the virtues of the totalitarian order, the United States would speak out for democracy and liberty. If His Excellency Idi Amin Dada, an aknowledged expert on the subject, called for genocide, the ambassador of the United States would charge him with the intent. At the same time, substantive measures to help the poor were promoted as never before and Moynihan's persistent effort resulted in the most generous American commitments of economic aid. Predictably, the third world delegations, the Arabs and the ineffable Mr. Malik of the USSR were outraged. Much rather the soft words and sotto voce apologetics of a Charles Yost, who could offer nothing of substance, than the Moynihan package. And so Moynihan was bitterly attacked at the UN. This much was entirely to be expected.

But there was another attack, of greater significance. Editorials in *The New York Times* and the columns of the Clayton Fritcheys of this world gave increasing resonance to the complaints of the brotherhood in the foundations, at the Council on Foreign Relations, in the United Nations Association and the rest, as well as to the disloyal murmurings of the foreign service officers at the US mission itself, who had grown used to insult and who found satisfaction in the supine posture. It was said that Moynihan's manners were antagonizing the third world and blocking "constructive" action. Ivor Richards, Moynihan's British counterpart, claimed that the US was isolating itself from its allies, and even endangering vital interests. But these were merely tactical arguments and ill-founded. (UN votes did not improve once we reverted to the soft posture under the present ambassador, Andrew Young.) The real accusation, more guardedly issued, was that Moynihan was perverting the proper order of things. The United States *was* guilty; its role in the world *was* to uphold an unjust order of things. Moynihan himself, the expert on social relations, has given no satisfactory explanation of this social phenomenon. In his new book on his UN experience, *A Dangerous Place* (Atlantic-Little, Brown), written with Suzanne Weaver, he refers once or twice to the "loss of nerve" of the elite in question. He quotes Yeats to the effect that some crave guilt. This does not take us very far. Why is it that a significant proportion of the intellectual and policy elite of this country has adopted a concept of international justice in which justice is equality—*international* equality, that is? Far better placed than most other countries by every other definition of justice, and by every other criterion of public morality, the United States could only be held guilty by the wholly artificial standard of an *equality of results between states*—the only criterion that makes Idi Amin's Uganda morally superior to the United States. Is it an accident that this is precisely the chosen criterion of those who still promulgate the approved foundation world view? Or was it rather that recourse was had to this particular criterion precisely because it is the only one that will rationalize a pre-existing hostility? It is not a loss of nerve then, but a deep hostility to one's own society. Why?

Perhaps the answer is also to be found in Moynihan's book. In part a personal diary, in part a compendium of documents and proposals, in part anecdotal and frequently irreverently so, Moynihan's book also mentions at various points his sociological studies (with Nathan Glazer) on the subject of ethnicity. Now it is interesting to note that it is the self-identifying ethnics in the intellectual elite who are in general immune from the bitter hostility of many of their colleagues. An explanation suggests itself: men and women of intellect, whose own powers of reasoning have destroyed their faith in religion, family and provenance, but whose character cannot sustain the freedom and solitude of life without the emotional support of those same things, find themselves suspended in alienation and bitterly unhappy in consequence. Without community, family or religion, without the sense of security of a strong ethnic identity, and also lacking the other Socratic quality, a self-supporting equanimity, the alienated among the elite have turned against the society that still confers privilege upon them. Hence their intense quest for a rationale for their hostility, a quest culminating in the foolproof doctrine of economic equality between states, under which the United States would be guilty without appeal.

Thus the enthusiasm of this intellectual elite for the third world increased when it turned nasty, and hence their uncharacteristically passionate resentment of Moynihan. Not long ago I saw the face of a lady member of the foundation brotherhood twisted in hatred at the mention of his name. Had Moynihan merely opposed a particular concept of diplomacy he could not have evoked such a powerful emotional reaction. His threat was to things much more intimate and personal: by systematically disproving the case against America, he was poisoning the source of their emotional sustenance.

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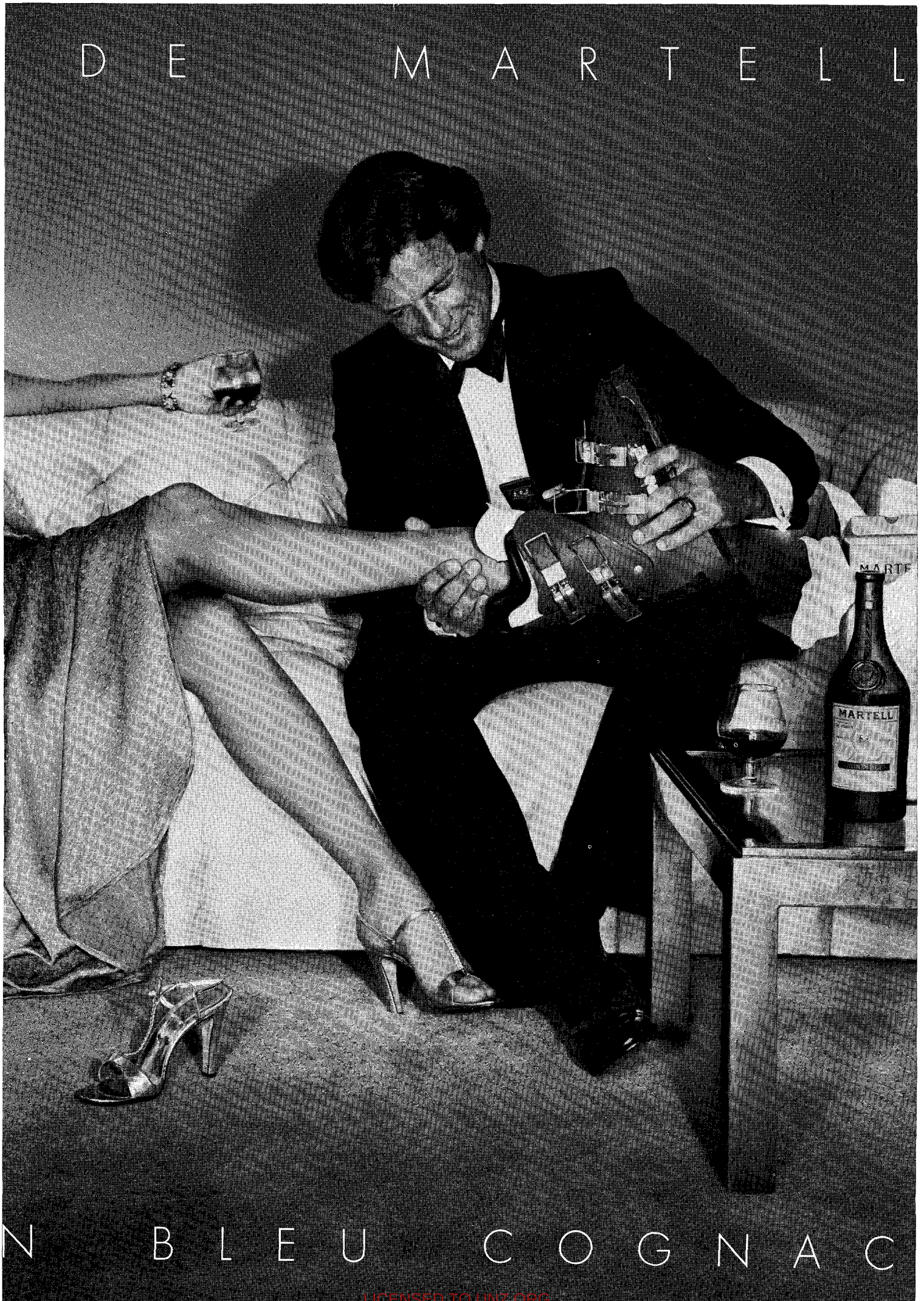

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Old-New and New-Old

The San Francisco Mime Troupe recently toured the East, including New York, with a piece called *False Promises/Nos Engañaron*. (The Spanish phrase means "We have been had." Despite the bilingual title, very little of the piece is in Spanish.) Since the end of the Vietnam war, the avant-garde theater has been greatly depoliticized. The SF Mime Troupe is an outstanding exception, along with El Teatro Campesino, which grew out of it, and the Bread and Puppet Theater, which performed in New York last January and which, in my experience of it, is as spiritual as political.

The SF Mime Troupe, founded in 1959 by Ronnie Davis, was an offshoot of the then-famous Actor's Workshop in that city. (I'm citing Arthur Sainer's *Radical Theatre Notebook*.) Says a member of the Troupe: "Very early, the group stopped doing mime as most people understand it—performing without words; as Ronnie meant it—acting with the body—we're still working with it." The work is very physical *and* verbal—and musical. The company has a theater, but in the warm weather it plays in parks in the Bay area. It's the oldest company in the area and, I think, must be one of the oldest of the post-WWII crop, avant-garde or otherwise. The Troupe declares sympathy for the avant-garde but wants to remain outside it, as an "art and propaganda" team, working for different groups—for example, a group of Latinos who were charged with murder—as needs arise. The Troupe is in a category apart from the subsidized/unsubsidized schism I discussed recently. This company is both nonprofit and unsubsidized. Government or foundation aid is not forthcoming. The Troupe lives by contributions and, when admission is charged, by receipts.

What they do, they do with competence and conviction. I don't know how long each member has been with the Troupe—I don't even know their names: no individual is mentioned in the program because they work as a collective—but they have real ensemble ease and flourish. There are about a dozen of them, some of them musicians who play at the side of the stage and also step into roles; all of them sing and dance. Everything flows, everything has been worked out communally by the group, and everything is borne on an assumption of community with the audience. And when I was there, in a large packed house, they were right.

Their style, they feel, is *commedia dell'arte* and since no one really knows what that style is, they may also be right about that. I'd say that their style is revue-sketch acting—cartooning with control. It also has elements of old-time US medicine-show flavor and of Brecht's presentational method. The first is the air of "We just got up on the back of this wagon to entertain you folks—we're no different from you, we just spend more time at this sort of thing." The second, Brecht's theory, asks that the actor stand outside his role and display it, as if it were a separate object, not treating it as an emotional bath for him or for you. What he wants is your observation and reaction. "So that's how Puerto Ricans really felt when the US took over their country."

One scenic arrangement of steps and doors, set in the center, is cleverly designed to serve a lot of purposes, and almost all the company play several parts apiece. The time is 1898-99, and the story ambles after a black man who gets in trouble in South Carolina by trying to vote, flees to Colorado where there is tension between Mexican and American copper miners, joins the army in Teddy Roosevelt's "splendid little war," then returns to Colorado where a strike is going on. It's a tour, more than a play—of issues of the time considered to be antecedent of present ones—and part of its intent is to crack marmoreal schoolbook history.

But, by their own definitions, that's not where judgment of the Troupe can end. They think of themselves as a radicalizing instrument, they speak in their money-appeals of "revolutionary fervor," and I don't know what their revolution is. They are against oppression, exploitation, racism, which is about as radical as Calvin Coolidge's report of the minister's sermon on sin: "He was against it." Radicalism, if it's more than rhetoric, is political; and politics, if it's more than rhetoric, is programmatic. What is the Troupe's politics? The (mostly young) audience thought it knew: at least they cheered all the catch-phrases. But I don't know. In the 1960s and up to the death of Mao, I would have assumed that the radicalism of such a group was anti-Soviet and pro-Mao: and Maoism was a clearly articulated program that revised social organization and, heeding the Soviet failure, tried to revise values. But our newspapers are now full of Mao's failure in this second regard. It's probably only a matter of time until he is reviled as viciously as is his widow in the new China of Pan Am hotels and McDonald's fast food. Could the Troupe specify its radical model? Albania? Cambodia? Something the members have devised on their own? What is their theater work moving *toward*? Something more than anti-flagwaving that is as facile as flagwaving?

I came to this performance just after finishing some work on *Danton's Death* with a group of student actors who agreed that the current stories from China make a perfect epilogue to the

(continued on page 32)

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. The buried past explodes a mother-daughter reunion. Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Ingmar Bergman. Stunning.

Girlfriends. Some truth about young New York women. Claudia Weill's first feature—with, I hope, many more to come.

Heaven Can Wait. Tolerable remake of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*. Warren Beatty, this time as Mr. Clean.

The Wiz. Well, what do you want from a $35 million musical? Ignore Diana Ross and soak.

SK

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The Granger Collection

The Year's Books

(Part II)

Charles Michener on photography

Pace Susan Sontag, the danger of the current photography glut is not that it is causing us to see the world in terms of photographs but that it is causing us to see *photography* in terms of photographs. Any citizen of the real world who walked into the Museum of Modern Art's recent survey of American photography since 1960, "Mirrors and Windows," must have wondered what exactly was being mirrored or windowed—beyond the row upon row of photographic "mirrors" and "windows" mutely staring each other down across the galleries. In those rarefied confines, the photographs looked as self-consciously competitive with each other as freshmen at a fraternity rush night. And the anointees of curator John Szarkowski seemed to be falling all over each other to produce images that justified his observation that "whatever else a photograph may be about, it is inevitably about photography"—the latest instance of photography's trying to follow a path developed years earlier by painting.

But photographs, unlike paintings, do not confidently swim in schools of their own—or others'—making. Inherently insubstantial as *things*, they gain their unique power from their delicate flirtation not with each other but with reality: when our attention is distracted from that process, we lose the fundamental sense—and pleasure—of what photography is all about. A good way to regain that sense is to sort through the current glut of photography books. Their reproductions may lack the density and subtleties of original prints, but at least they can be looked at on their own flirtatious merits.

One of American photography's great pioneering critics at the turn of the century, Sadakichi Hartmann, was devoted to looking at pictures that way. A lavishly illustrated collection of many of his most influential essays called *The Valiant Knights of Daguerre* (University of California Press; $25) is, to my mind, the most valuable photographic book published this year. A Japanese-German immigrant who also wrote novels, plays and poetry, a flamboyant bohemian in Greenwich Village, Hartmann flourished most vividly from 1898 until shortly after World War I. For much of that time he was the most prolific contributor to Alfred Stieglitz's legendary art magazine, *Camera Work*. Perhaps more than any critic of his day, he insisted on the then-radical notion that an "artistic" photograph be judged not as an imitation painting but as—of all things—a photograph.

There is nothing musty about Hartmann's marvelously vivid style or the fineness—and utility—of his perceptions. The work of Gertrude Käsebier, for example, is highly regarded by photography collectors and critics today for its technical finesse and lyricism, but Hartmann—present at the creation—saw it for what it really was: "She has an ardent love of the picturesque, but her art is not based on observation. Nothing that is going on around her in this great city seems to interest and excite her. Her sympathies are entirely restricted to a certain artistic atmosphere which she has created in her studio, and into which every sitter, no matter how eager for actual, immediate reality he may be, is forced when he wants a picture."

He is equally discerning about the early, extravagant pictorialism of Edward Steichen: "That which he shows us is not always photography, but it invariably belongs to the domain of art . . . Like a highwayman he lies in wait for beauty, seizes her, and drags her away as she passes . . . To him life is a sojourn in darkness, illuminated by innumerable streaks of lightning." And one essay, "A Photographic Enquête," is an invaluable, bristling record of the way many of the leading painters and sculptors of the time viewed the challenge of photography: "The photographer has one decided advantage," the landscape painter D.W. Tryon tells Hartmann, "he gets at the very start so much of what we artists can only gain by strenuous work. But that is perhaps also his greatest drawback. He can only retouch what he has on hand. He cannot gradually grow into the subject, and imbue it with a strong personal note." As Hartmann wrestles with such distinctions on behalf of a

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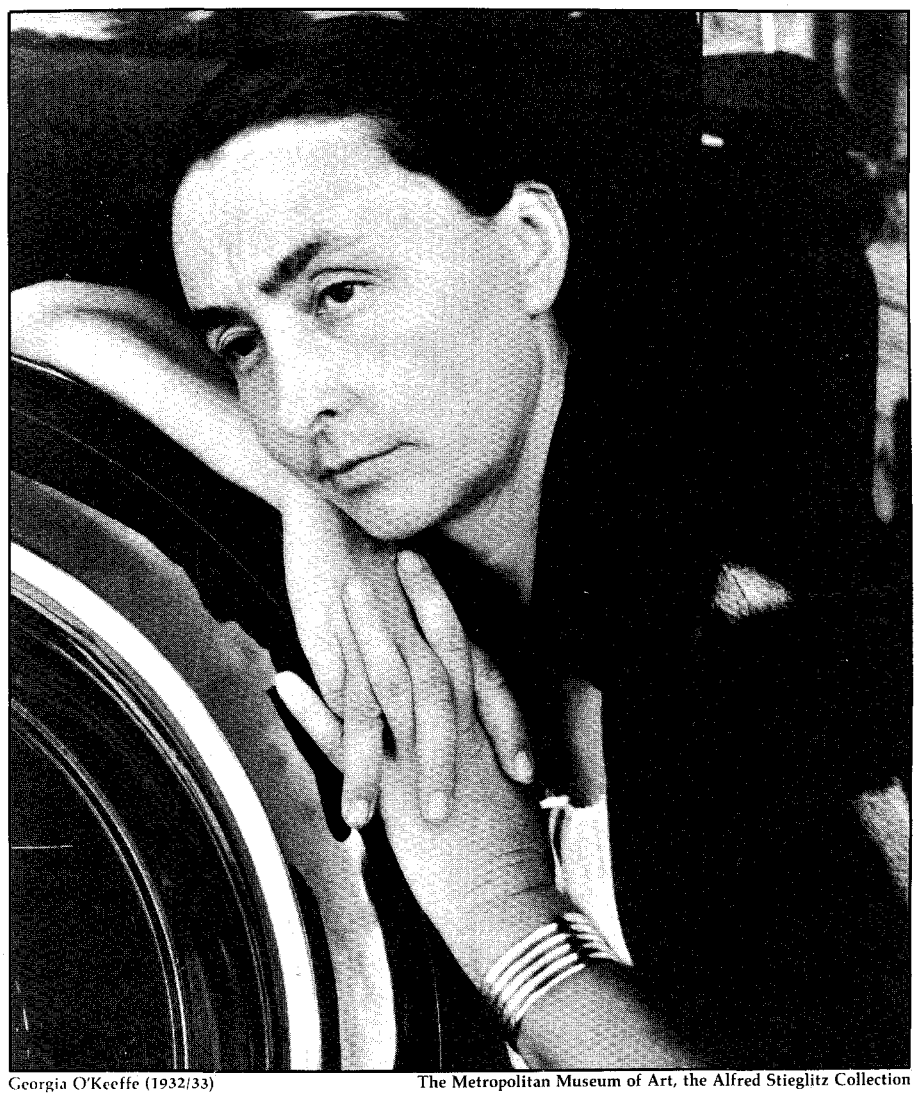
struggling new art form, we confront issues that are still contemporary being passionately addressed.

One of Hartmann's more provocative contentions was that "a portrait becomes a work of art only when sitter as well as artist have a strong and decided individuality." I am not at all persuaded that he was right, but there can be no more powerful evidence for his case than the 51 portraits in *Georgia O'Keeffe, a Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz* (Viking; $35). Taken between 1917 and 1933, this "photographic diary," as O'Keeffe calls the project in her introduction, is a breathtaking visual document of one of the most extraordinary love affairs in modern art. The studies of O'Keeffe's handsome, sternly enraptured face, her famous elegantly shaped hands and fingers, her ripe, strong torso and pelvis are expressions of collaborative self-consciousness raised to the highest pitch: Stieglitz was as self-consciously "arty" as any photographer who ever lived, O'Keeffe, who selected this portfolio, as unabashedly self-dramatizing as Martha Graham. The intensity of their photographic sessions is palpable in these pictures (O'Keeffe writes that she would have to be absolutely still for three or four minutes at a time), and the only work like it being done today is the movie collaboration of Ingmar Bergman and Liv Ullmann.



Georgia O'Keeffe (1932/33) The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Alfred Stieglitz Collection

A similar intensity can be felt in *Sudek* by Sonja Bullaty (Clarkson N. Potter/Crown; $25), which is the first book published in the West of work by the great Czech photographer Josef Sudek (1896-1976). Sudek, who lost his right arm after being injured in World War I, focused his intensity on a place. Sudek's style evolved from smoky-pictorialist to surrealist, but whether he is photographing a cityscape of Prague at twilight, a cemetery walk, light streaming through a cathedral, a country walk or the street outside the rain-splattered window of his atelier, each picture seems a lament for an old, once-peaceful civilization on the verge of extinction. Underneath the soft, romantic surface of these pictures rumble the sounds of a country being ravaged.

Place was the great subject of two men who worked to document America during the Depression for the Farm Security Administration and who have both been mislabelled as "social protest" photographers. What comes through most strongly in *Russell Lee, Photographer* by F. Jack Hurley (Morgan & Morgan; $25) is not so much a sense of dispossession as a sense of community. Lee's children seem innocently content as they bathe in a washtub in a dilapidated kitchen in Oklahoma City in 1939; the residents of the makeshift settlement of Pie Town, New Mexico, look sturdily connected to each other as they join in a community sing. Lee's busy career took him to Chicago slums, to China on aerial missions for the Air Transport Command, to pipeline construction sites in Texas, to the streets of Italy. Nearly everything in his unaffected strong pictures conveys a pragmatic American's conviction that one is put into a place not to dream but to make something out of it.

Nothing so simple as pragmatism, bleakness or optimism can be read in the 200 images beautifully displayed without any accompanying text in *Walker Evans, First and Last* (Harper & Row; $29.95). Evans was a sophisticate who was deeply immersed as a young man in the aesthetic subtleties of Baudelaire. Rigorously composed, exquisitely detailed in their attention to light and volume, his pictures are profoundly detached contemplations of the landscape we have made in America. As Evans views things, what might seem crazy and discordant on the face of things is strangely, beautifully in harmony.

For many of us who grew up in the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s, the photography of *Life* magazine was not a contemplation of the world, it *was* the world—the *real* world beyond our own childhood horizons. The 22 examples of *Great Photographic Essays from Life* (New York Graphic Society; $24.95) demonstrate with an awesomeness that is somewhat scary in retrospect how *Life*'s greatest innovation developed from a merely observant narrative device (Margaret Bourke-White's inaugural 1936 essay on a Montana work-relief town) into a visual tidal wave aimed not so much at helping us "to see life" as to see Life. Maitland Edey's running commentary on the whys and hows of each essay emphasizes the individuality of each project and the editors have taken great pains to select the widest variety of essays (George Silk's huge photo distortions of Olympic athletes in 1960 are followed by Clarence John Laughlin's stately "salon

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photographs," as Edey calls them, of historic houses).

But as the years go by, one begins to feel bludgeoned: the pictures swell in self-importance and melodrama, the captions become more preachy ("a lonely search finds no answers"), the editing sacrifices too much individuality of imagery for narrative drive. Still, many of the layouts can now be seen as things of manipulative beauty (the play of pictures in W. Eugene Smith's famous 1951 essay on a Spanish Village is more interesting than the pictures' overly theatrical content). And Bill Eppridge's 1965 essay about a young New York couple addicted to heroin is a perfectly realized, still chilling photo story in which, for once, the images match the editors' hype.

Two far less grandiose books catch life on the run with modest perceptions that come to seem far more penetrating than many of the strenuous essays by Henry Luce's ambitious minions. *Flashback! The 50's* by Eve Arnold (Knopf; $12.95) is sharp-eyed, unpretentious photojournalism at its best. Arnold's pictures of the decade of Ike, falsies, McCarthy, Marilyn and Little Rock (touchstone words she cites in her graceful account of her work) literally *tell* stories: the bright-eyed simplicity of television in those days is caught in her shot of Alastair Cooke gazing serenely into a CBS camera, cigarette in hand; the polarization of America is summed up ironically in her picture of George Lincoln Rockwell and two henchmen, sitting with folded arms, swastikas on their sleeves, at a Black Muslim meeting. The impact of such pictures is not easy or ephemeral: they stick because Arnold seems to have been just as surprised at what she was shooting as we are when we see them two decades later.

Recent Developments by Elliott Erwitt (Simon and Schuster; $9.95) is the funniest photography book since Erwitt's last one, 1974's *Son of Bitch*. Dogs don't dominate his new collection as much as they did before, but there are still lots of them in front of his not-so-casual camera, interchangeable with tourists, roosters, road signs, sun bathers, statues, corpses and other

Clark Gable, on the set of *The Misfits*

photo © 1978 by Eve Arnold from *Flashback! The 50's*

Sherry Turkle charts the interplay of culture, politics, and psychoanalysis.

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"A brilliantly staged fashion show of French emotional and intellectual life."—*Anatole Broyard, New York Times*

PSYCHOANALYTIC POLITICS
Freud's French Revolution
Sherry Turkle

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living things that he has caught being funny by merely doing what we—and he—do all day long: looking with unfathomable intensity at something other than ourselves.

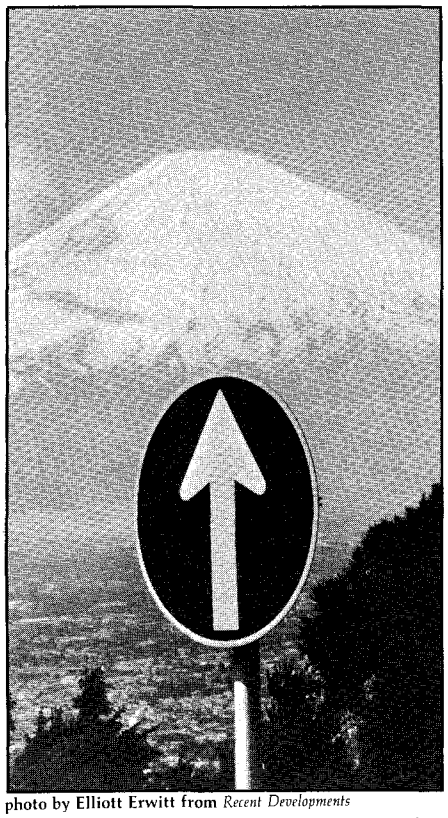

photo by Elliott Erwitt from *Recent Developments*

Erwitt flirts with the real world. Richard Avedon, Helmut Newton and Marie Cosindas flirt with worlds of their own making. *Avedon, Photographs, 1947-1977* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $50) is the year's most expensive and deceptive photography book. What could be easier than an album documenting 30 years of Avedon's dazzling fashion work for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*? But his pictures of the world's great beauties in everything from Balenciagas to nothing insist on being seen as more: they cajole, repel, disdain, seduce . . . whom? Is it simply us they're provoking? Or is it their creator, whose fierce, sly, loving, satirical relationship with everything he photographs gives these bravura images the packed, open-ended complexity of a frame cut from some mad, lavish movie?

There's nothing at all deceptive about the fun-and-games contrived in *Helmut Newton, Sleepless Nights* (Simon and Schuster; $25). Newton's obsessive subject is the last-gasp, mostly lesbian dream of a decadent kick or two as it afflicts the idle rich of Paris, the Riviera, Manhattan and L.A. He has rounded up some very beautiful would-be whippers and whippees, but has expended very little wit in putting together his elegant photo fantasies: a broken wine glass next to a girl sprawling face down on an apartment balcony is pretty old stuff and so is the sight of one lass bending over a table while another lowers her panties and raises the whip.

The world is a flower arrangement in *Marie Cosindas, Color Photographs* (New York Graphic Society; $34.95 before January 1, 1979, $45 afterwards). Not that Cosindas takes only pictures of flowers, but nearly everything she photographs—movie stars like Paul Newman and Robert Redford, fashion grand dames Coco Chanel and Madame Grès, old dolls, masks—is so carefully posed to enhance her color scheme that it becomes an element of interior decoration. Using Polaroid film and a set of filters (her favorites are magenta and yellow, says Tom Wolfe in his effusive introduction), she makes quietly stunning compositions in which the colors and textures of flesh and material glow in problematic light, shadow plays by a gentler Caravaggio. Sometimes Cosinda's arrangements suggest nothing more than the blank prettiness of things glimpsed in the window of a fashionable junk shop. But when she uses sitters who refuse to be merely props in her dress-up fantasies—Faye Dunaway, Yves St. Laurent, Ezra Pound—her pictures speak with the intriguing tension of a photograph caught between wanting to be an Old Master painting and trapped—by the moment in which it was taken—into remaining itself.

No such ambivalence beset Robert Frank when he set out with camera and fast film in the mid-1950s to photograph America as the world's leading roadside attraction. The publication in larger format of his classic book *The Americans* (Aperture; $25) is the most welcome reissue in years. No portfolio since then (with the possible exception of Diane Arbus's) has so consistently and eloquently asserted itself as a single, coherent, specifically *photographic* vision while admitting at the same time that life itself is an overwhelming mystery that finally eludes the artist's grasp. Frank was no clandestine Cartier-Bresson stalking the passing scene and waiting for the lyrical "decisive moment." Whether he was photographing a barber chair behind a screen door in South Carolina, a Detroit assembly line, commuters in a club car, a Yale commencement or passengers in a New Orleans trolley, he put himself and his camera so directly into the situation that reality threatened to break his lens. "After seeing these pictures," wrote Jack Kerouac in his explosive introduction, "you end up finally not knowing anymore whether a jukebox is sadder than a coffin." You also end up with the exhilarating feeling of having seen an artist working at highest risk.

A whole generation of photographers has tried to follow Frank's lead. The latest and one of the most interesting is Chauncey Hare. His *Interior America* (Aperture; $20) is the fruit of a half-dozen years on the road backed by three Guggenheim grants. It declares, almost aggressively, Hare's old-fashioned aim to capture certain undeniable truths about the way we live. In his extremely candid, almost confessional introduction, Hare says he was born in Niagara Falls, New York in 1934, stands only 5'6" ("most good photographers are about 5'7"," he says), worked for years with growing unhappiness as an engineer for Standard Oil in California and was particularly inspired by the work of Walker Evans and Russell Lee. The award of his first Guggenheim, he writes, "was the end of thirty-five years of unconscious death." Armed with a 2¼" x 3¼" camera outfitted with a wide-angle lens, Hare set off to find out how his countrymen were spending their years inside their homes and offices.

What he discovered in middle-class, small-town to small-city America were lives trapped, for the most part, in his former predicament—young couples dwelling in low-ceilinged rooms without any evidence of personal imprint; single middle-aged men and women nestled awkwardly in living rooms dominated quietly by the television set; meeting places like a little living-room church in the San Joaquin Valley with a picture of The Last Supper on the wall, one corner ripped off to accommodate an air conditioner. Hare's America is a long way from the dispossessed 1930s: we are, he suggests, living in a *post*-possessed society in which material things may have lost all value but that of vaguely comforting clutter. Hare has photographed his interiors head-on—for the most part, in flat, noncommittal

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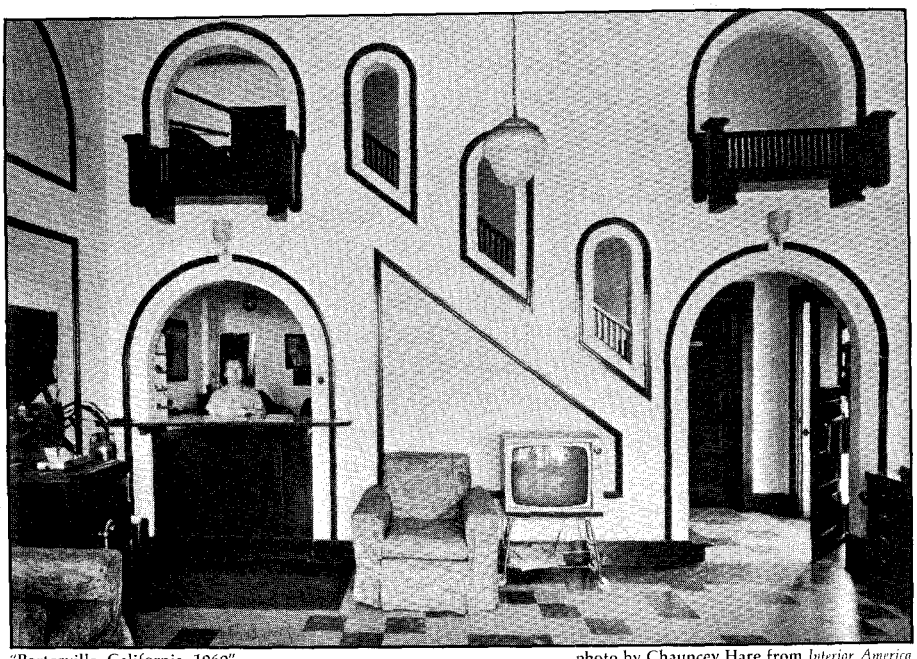

"Porterville, California, 1969" photo by Chauncey Hare from *Interior America*

light. But the seeming matter-of-factness of these pictures is illusory. Their frequent wide-angle view implies, disturbingly, that the photographer is projecting his own sense of dislocation onto the scene. At the same time, the presence in many of them of an additional, partially glimpsed reality—another room, the outside world—declares, with charity, that there *is* a way out of these pinched interiors—for their inhabitants and for Hare.

William Youngren on classical records

It was just 10 years ago this fall that I first heard Colin Davis conduct a Haydn symphony, No. 99, in Boston's Symphony Hall. Before the first-movement exposition was over it was clear to me that Davis was the Haydn conductor I had been waiting for—an impression borne out not only by the rest of that performance but also by several subsequent ones of other Haydn symphonies, broadcast over the years. No one else in my experience so surely and consistently catches the unique combination of intelligence, high spirits, nobility, wit and sweetness that characterizes Haydn's last great symphonic works. Yet all these years Davis has, to my knowledge, put on records only one Haydn symphony: No. 84, in a fine performance done for Oiseau-Lyre sometime in the 1960s. Now at last this has changed. This year Philips has issued Nos. 88 and 99 (9500 138) and Nos. 87 and 103 (9500 303), all done with the superb Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. The performances of Nos. 99, 87, and 103 are essentially the same as those I heard him give with the Boston Symphony, but the recordings benefit from the slightly finer and solider playing of the Concertgebouw. As for No. 88, in the *Largo* movement Davis does not attain (or even try for) the sublime expansion of Toscanini's 1938 recorded performance with the NBC Symphony—but then no one else has ever attained it either. All in all, Davis gives as satisfying an account of these great works as one could ask for, and makes one want to ask that there be many more in the near future.

In the meantime Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields have recorded some of the less familiar Haydn symphonies, also for Philips: Nos. 43 and 59 (9500 159), 22 and 55 (9500 198), 44 and 49 (9500 199), and 48 and 85 (9500 200). (Several years ago they did excellent versions of Nos. 52 and 53, still available on Philips 6500 114.) Haydn's early and middle symphonies are often either stolid or hectic or otherwise lacking in direction, but most of them are fascinating, both musically and historically, and all of the ones performed here have their great moments. Occasionally one can quarrel with a tempo of Marriner's—as I for one never can with Davis's Haydn tempos. The first movement of the remarkable No. 22 ("The Philosopher") is a shade faster than Raymond Leppard took it on his superb record of a few years ago (now out of print), and the music loses some of its ceremonial grandeur. On the other hand, Marriner takes the first movement of No. 55 ("The Schoolmaster") at a slower pace than the *Allegro di molto* Haydn asks for. But these are all stunning performances, beautifully shaped and articulated, and the splendid No. 48 ("Maria Theresa") is perhaps even better than Leppard's because it is more full-blooded.

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Haydn has been well served in other areas this year too. In his brilliant 1971 book *The Classical Style*—required reading for anyone who would thoroughly understand the sources and development of our greatest music—Charles Rosen gloomily predicted that Haydn's piano trios were "doomed" so far as concert or recorded performances went, and would only be known to the stalwart few who bothered to read through them at the piano. But then in 1973, perhaps partly because of the great success of Rosen's award-winning book, Philips began issuing its remarkable complete set of the trios, played by the excellent Beaux Arts Trio. The set has now, I believe, reached the staggering total of 14 records, and the recent ones I have heard continue to set a very high standard, the performances marred only by the occasionally slightly too soft-edged playing of pianist Menahem Pressler.

Pianist Gilbert Kalish is also continuing his series of the Haydn piano sonatas, which one hopes will one day also be complete. On the third of his records (Nonesuch H-71344), as on the preceding two, Kalish is unfailingly thoughtful, intelligent, and sympathetic. But he is too consistently introverted, not often enough outgoing, declarative, witty or virtuosic—though he can be any or all of these things if he thinks it appropriate. The beginning of No. 28 in E-flat, for example, should be brusque, open and direct; by turning it inward Kalish not only distorts its meaning but also loses the intended contrast with the genuinely inward-turning development section. Yet his playing of the same work's *Presto* finale is as sparkling as anyone could wish.

The Mahler boom continues: out of this year's bumper crop of Mahler records I select three. On Philips 9500 316 Bernard Haitink, the Concertgebouw, and singers Jessye Norman and John Shirley-Quirk give a powerful and touching performance of the early songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, the early 19th-century anthology of German folk poetry (or, more accurately, Romantic poetry "in folk style") that provided Mahler with so many of the images of innocence, thwarted heroism, and desolation that haunt his later symphonies. One symphony that makes conspicuous and telling use of the anthology is No. 2, to my mind one of the greatest, which receives a superb performance from Claudio Abbado and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on Deutsche Grammophon 2707 094. The singers are the great Marilyn Horne and the excellent Carol Neblett. Also superb is the performance of the delightful Symphony No. 1 by Klaus Tennstedt and the London Philharmonic (Angel S-37508). Perhaps the greatest Mahler conductor of our day, though mysteriously unrecorded until now, Tennstedt has the uncanny ability Bruno Walter also had, to make Mahler's gigantic first movements seem at once spontaneous, almost improvised, and yet perfectly formed.

drawing by András Goldinger

The magnificent Chicago orchestra can also be heard in the spacious and elegant performance of Brahm's Violin Concerto on Angel S-37286, conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini and featuring violinist Itzhak Perlman. Giulini's sensitive and opulent-sounding performance of Schubert's great C-major Symphony with the same orchestra, however, is not just spacious but occasionally sluggish as well (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 882). Not only are the first-movement *Allegro* and the second movement taken too slowly—which need not have been a crippling defect, considering Giulini's powers—but there are many fussy ritards, and in the first movement Giulini unaccountably has the violins heavily slur their crisp dotted-quarter-and-eighth-note figure—which is like pouring catsup on frogs' legs. Another of Schubert's greatest works, the String Quintet Op. 163, is performed powerfully and very movingly by the Melos Quartet of Stuttgart with Rostropovich as extra cello (Deutsche Grammophon 2350 980).

I have always found Alfred Brendel an eccentric and unpredictable pianist, and so I was unprepared for his fine straightforward performance of Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations* on Philips 9500 381. Perhaps because the work itself is so eccentric and mercurial, Brendel felt free to play it as it stands. I was equally unprepared for Charles Rosen's still finer Diabelli on Peters International PLE-042. In the past I have often found Rosen's playing lacking in dramatic power, yet this performance is not only powerful but also very witty and, in the great last variations, poignant beyond words.

Another great piano work of Beethoven's last period, the *Hammerklavier* Sonata Op. 106, is performed magnificently by Maurizio Pollini on Deutsche Grammophon 2530 869, a performance fascinating to compare with Ashkenazy's no less magnificent one of about 10 years ago (London 6563). The two are very close, often virtually indistinguishable. But Pollini's sound—his pianistic palette—is a little less rich throughout. And he is slightly stricter and more austere in the first movement, slightly less expansive (though no less expressive) in the slow movement, and slightly more deliberate in the concluding fugue. But there is no way (or reason) to choose between them: Pollini's restraint and discipline are as appropriate to the music as Ashkenazy's expansiveness.

A third late Beethoven masterpiece, the *Missa Solemnis*, is available in two new recordings, one by Colin Davis and the London Symphony (Philips 6747 484) and the other by Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony (London 12111). Solti has the greater orchestra and chorus (though his tenor is dreadful), and like all of his recordings, this one is wonderfully competent and occasionally very moving. But like almost all of his recordings, it is somewhat faceless and impersonal. The greater personal force of Davis's performance does not manifest itself in any revelation of the personality of Colin Davis but rather in a pervasive rhythmic life and in contrasts of tempo and texture, unobserved or minimized by Solti, that testify to Davis's understanding of what the words of the sacred text meant to Beethoven. Contrasts like those between the middle section of the *Kyrie* ("Christe eleison") and the opening and closing sections ("Kyrie eleison"), or between the weighty "Quoniam" of the *Gloria* and its joyous concluding section, vividly bring home the religious significance of the

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music and prepare one for the greater inwardness with which Davis treats the miraculous later sections of the work: the *Adagio* introduction to the *Sanctus*, the *Praeludium* to the *Benedictus* and the *Benedictus* itself, the final "Dona nobis pacem." As so often, the impeccable Solti makes no mistakes except the one greatest mistake: failing to understand and project what the music is about.

Schumann's greatest music, that written for solo piano, is about the flamboyant, extravagant fantasies that led him to create alter-egos with names like Eusebius and Florestan and, in his compositions, to engage them in mock-combat with the Philistines. One of his best works, the *Etudes symphoniques*, receives an elegant and impassioned performance from Murray Perahia on Columbia M-34539, along with the delightful *Papillons*. But I slightly prefer Ashkenazy's old performance on London 6471 because of its greater flamboyance and extravagance and, hence, its greater sense of what the music is about.

Finally there are some reissues from old 78-rpm records. Delightful vocal recitals by the great lyric tenor John McCormack and the enchanting mezzo-soprano Conchita Supervia are available, respectively, on RCA CRM1-2472 and Seraphim 60291. More important is the EMI album (Y4 34643) of 1932-36 Budapest Quartet performances, the greatest of which is the 1933 one of Mozart's greatest quartet, the seldom heard K. 499, a performance incandescent enough to light up anyone's Christmas.

Fran Moshos on children's books

One of this season's most beautiful books for older children—and for adults who have not lost the capacity for wonder—is *Beauty and the Beast*, retold by Marianne Mayer (Four Winds Press; $8.95 until 1/1/79, then $9.95). Mercer Mayer's illustrations are lavishly detailed depictions of mystery, magic, desire and fear. Mayer is one of the best children's book illustrators today; his work ranks with that of Arthur Rackham and Edmund Dulac, progenitors of the form. Though Mayer's style varies greatly from book to book—and all are generally impressive works—*Beauty and the Beast* is undoubtedly one of his best efforts to date. Mayer uses water-washed inks: wine reds, maples, golden-brown hazes—punctuated at precise moments by the ice-blue roses hidden in the depths of the beast's garden, or the milky orange glow in the beast's eyes—a masterful expression of tenderness in the face of terror.

The tale is simply but affectingly told. A poor widower is forced to leave his youngest daughter in the care of a ghastly beast after he innocently steals a single red rose from the beast's garden. But the beast is gentle and gives to Beauty all that she desires—a gift she is unable to return because she is repelled by the beast's looks and cannot bring herself to love him. The message of the tale is clear:

> *That night Beauty dreamed again of the garden and the shimmering pond. She looked for the prince but he was not there. Instead she saw the old woman. "How blind you are! I had hoped you would know that happiness comes from seeing what does not always lie on the surface. Some things are not on the surface at all."*

In *The Magical Drawings of Moony B. Finch* (Doubleday; $6.95), another story about mysterious appearances, a young boy's drawings are magically transformed into the depicted objects themselves. The author, David McPhail, carries us through the story with a cadence as jazzy as the vivid colors he uses to illustrate it; as rhythmic as the name Moony B. Finch. Moony loves to draw. One day he is beset by a slew of greedy visitors who soon discover the unique quality of his drawings. Before long Moony is surrounded by a motley crowd: an old man with a crotchety beard; a young black executive swinging a briefcase; a red-haired basketball player resembling Bill Walton, dribbling a ball; a loud-mouthed, nosy mother—all clamoring for more of Moony's drawings, and all squeezed inside a bright yellow Rolls Royce (drawn and transformed by Moony). The resolution and the "just-in-case-eraser" is Moony's perfectly logical way out of the mess he's gotten himself into.

McPhail's drawings are scratchy bursts of color with hundreds of tiny cross-ink lines, jungle-exotic and appropriate; the fierce green dragon Moony draws to scare away his obnoxious visitors could be no other color, and the overall effect is one of abandon and delight. Wildly imaginative, *The Magical Drawings of Moony B. Finch* is sure to capture and hold the attention of even the most discriminating young reader.

Another wonderful picture book this season is Tomie de Paola's *Clown of God* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95 cloth, $3.95 paper), the touching story of the juggler who brings his only gift to the Christ child on Christmas day. Paola's juggler achieves fame and fortune after many years of hard work at perfecting his craft. But soon all the people of the land become tired and bored by this aging vaudevillian, and the old juggler is forced to return to the life of a wanderer, begging for his sustenance. Withered and distraught, he

Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Stevens, Moore, Auden, Cummings, Shapiro, Schwartz, Jarrell, Lowell, Merrill, Thomas, Ashbery, Plath, Bishop, Berryman, Wagoner, Van Duyn, Atwood, Pinsky, and Bottoms have something in common.

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arrives one day at the church of the monks in time for the procession of gifts for the Holy Child. With a ragged plum sack slung across his shoulders, the juggler walks humbly before a rather stern, Byzantine statue of the Holy Child upon his mother's lap:

Giovanni opened his bag and shook out his old costume. Then he put on his clown face . . . and began to juggle. . . . First the red ball, then the orange . . . "And finally," cried Giovanni, "The sun in the Heavens!" The gold ball flew up and around and around, higher and higher. Giovanni had never juggled so well in all his life . . . "For You, sweet Child, for You!" he cried. And suddenly, his old heart stopped.

The solemnity of the moment is there, in the colored balls around Giovanni's sunken body, in the beige church walls, in the sad expression on the monk's face. The ending is as special as the drawings—the statue is transfigured by the juggler's gift from the heart—and the golden ball is left sitting in the palm of the Holy Child's hand.

A Christmas Card (Houghton Mifflin; $5.95), by Paul Theroux, is also a moving story, but it is highly filtered through the eyes of an adult—and a particularly literate adult at that—and may be less accessible to younger readers. All good children's stories are full of exciting language and rhythms, metaphors, symbols and other imaginative devices. The trick, of course, is to parlay these elements into a form young readers can easily grasp. Theroux's story is a remembrance of a childhood past, but the writing style seems overly complex for the audience for which this book is intended. It is burdened by some cumbersome phrases and expressions unlikely to be appreciated or understood even by a child of nine or 10. The young boy in the story refers to his parents as "lovers," "peers" into a window, "felt such a shrinking in my soul . . . when I realized the deception of those flat pictures," and, looking at the Christmas card, "I searched it for something more. I almost wept at the cruelty of it. There seemed something evil in the way it had vanished, and I went back to bed feeling very sad, as if a precious light had turned to dismal ashes." These writerly touches seem unnecessarily pretentious and out of place in an otherwise enchanting story for children.

A Christmas Card opens and closes with an affirmation of magic. When pressed for a definition, the father responds:

What is magic? It is something being proven, not necessarily to make you understand, but so you will believe. The trick itself is a command, and the command is always the magician saying, "Believe in me!"

Determined to give his children a country Christmas, the father takes his family into the New England woods where they are soon lost in a blizzard. An elusive old man appears from nowhere and takes them into his home, where they are warmed and comforted by his stories and a blazing fire. The man inexplicably disappears the next morning, leaving only a Christmas card—a card the young boy soon discovers changes to reflect the world around it.

The illustrations, though few, are deliberately somber: black and white line-drawings, shadowed and sparse in detail. But they complement this thoughtful, gentle, though difficult tale.

Felix Hoffmann, a Swedish artist, died before completing the illustrations for *The Bearskinner*, (Atheneum; $8.95) an old tale by the Brothers Grimm. His preliminary color studies and brush sketches represent a finished work, however; one that captures the darker side of life, while retaining a certain glory and momentum. There is an urgency in Hoffmann's inspired drawings—one can almost sense his rush to finish. The colors are taken from the woods themselves, an almost bleak choice of muted browns and greens, with an occasional respite in the soldier's red jacket or the young maiden's water-blue dress.

Like all good fairy tales, *The Bearskinner* is the story of a test. The devil offers a poor soldier a lifetime of gold if he can live for seven years without being killed. The soldier must never wash or remove the massive

IT'S ELECTION YEAR in Zambia, and Kenneth Kaunda is up for re-election. Kaunda's not *quite* a shoo-in. Kaunda does face the requirement that he receives 50 per cent plus one in a Yes/No vote. The voter can register a Yes by making an X next to a picture of an eagle. Last time out the No symbol was a hyena. This year the government wanted to change it to a snake, but the Electoral Commission said that was going too far, so it's going to be a hare. If elected, Mr. Kaunda pledges democracy for Rhodesians.

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bearskin across his back. He is forced to wear the devil's green cloak, but its pockets are filled with an endless supply of gold. The soldier uses the money to bribe the townspeople into showing him kindness, as he has become a gruesome apparition.

The dramatic impact of the soldier's trial is more evident in Hoffmann's drawings than in the narrative itself, which more than once grows too prosaic. But it remains a serious tale; one more likely to speak to the older child who recognizes that the road to fortune is not an easy one.

Charles Michener is Senior Editor of Cultural Affairs at *Newsweek*.

William Youngren teaches at Boston College and writes on music for *The Hudson Review*.

Fran Moshos is a freelance writer.

The following books by *TNR*'s contributing editors were published in 1978:

Henry Fairlie
The Parties: Republicans and Democrats in this Century (St. Martin's Press; $8.95)
The Seven Deadly Sins Today (New Republic Books; $10)

Joyce Carol Oates
Son of the Morning (Vanguard; $10)
Women Whose Lives are Food, Men Whose Lives are Money (Louisiana State University Press; $7.95)

Tad Szulc
The Illusion of Peace: Foreign Policy in the Nixon Years (Viking; $20)

Robert Coles
Eskimos, Chicanos, Indians (Little, Brown; $15)
A Festering Sweetness: Poems of American People (University of Pittsburgh Press; $3.95 paper)
Irony in the Mind's Life (New Directions; $4.95 paper)
The Last and First Eskimos (New York Graphic Society; $19.95)
Privileged Ones: The Well-off and the Rich in America (Little, Brown; $15)
Walker Percy: An American Search (Little, Brown; $12.50)

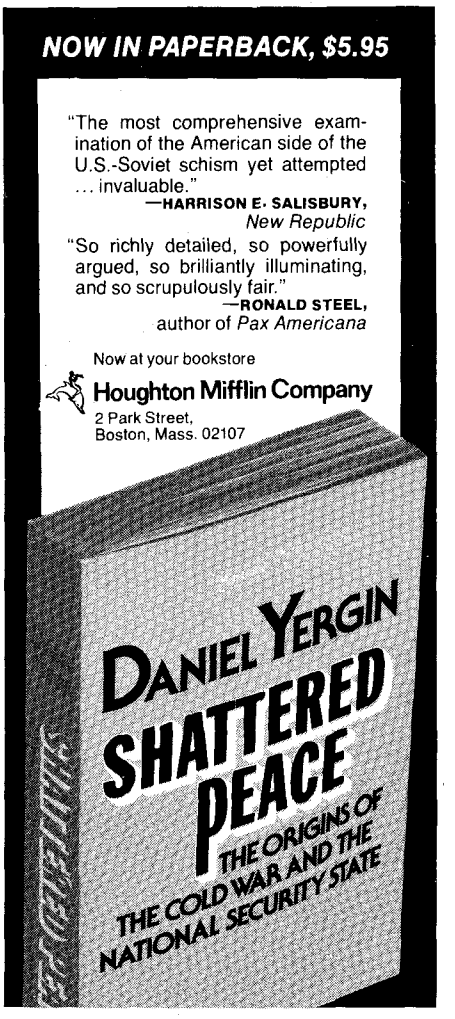
Brief Reviews

The Lonely Guy's Book of Life
by Bruce Jay Friedman
(McGraw-Hill; $8.95)

Over the past few years, novelist Bruce Jay Friedman has been writing humorous pieces for *Esquire*, *Signature* and *New York* magazines to advise the not-so-young, divorced male—who often can be classified as a "Lonely Guy"—how to survive in the urban world today. Now he has collected them in *The Lonely Guy's Book of Life*.

On one level, this is sound entertainment, a take-off on those personal guides currently cluttering supermarket paperback racks, with each piece addressing a particular topic. Examples: "The Lonely Guy's Apartment," "The Lonely Guy's Cookbook," "Eating Alone in Restaurants," "How to Take a Successful Nap," "At the Beach," etc. Friedman surely is as adept at fast gags as the best of the supposed pros—the rare goofs who occasionally trot out from behind the rainbow-striped curtains on "The Tonight Show" and surprise you by actually being funny. Examples again: on defining Lonely Guys, "They tend to be a little bald and look as if they have been badly shaken up in a bus accident." And, "Women can be Lonely Guys, too. . . . She's not going to be throwing any eggs in the pan at four in the morning, but Jacqueline Onassis may be a Lonely Guy. On nights when she has been escorted to the ballet by the wrong Iranian." And, "All of Canada may be a Lonely Guy."

On another level, Friedman appears to be getting at soberer matters here. Without getting into an extended theory of humor (whether black, satiric or otherwise), I think that what makes this writing more than just the strutting of a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stand-up comic is the pain whispering behind the gags. For instance, in the section "Eating Alone in Restaurants," Friedman suggests several ways for the Lonely Guy to feign doing something other than dining solo (he might bring a walkie-talkie, so he will be taken for an undercover cop "about to bust the salad man as an international dope dealer"); at the same time, Friedman is implying that the embarrassment of loneliness is worse than the loneliness itself, especially in a society where everything from television sweat sock commercials onward seemingly commands that Thou Shalt Not Be Lonely. Meanwhile, of course, it is a society where loneliness is epidemic, despite all the new personal freedom.

The humor doesn't always effervesce, and in some stock situations (on the psychiatrist's couch or sick with the flu), it stumbles. But Friedman's novelist's eye for detail—and as proof of how fine a novelist he is, I offer his masterful *About Harry Towns*—usually sustains even the weaker stretches.

Overall, a book to make you laugh out loud—and to make you see.

Peter LaSalle

Peter LaSalle, a fiction writer and critic, teaches creative writing at Iowa State University.

The Realists by C.P. Snow

(Scribners; $12.50)

As everyone who has read C.P. Snow knows, he is disturbed by the gap between the reading public and writers of fashionable distinction. He believes a major reason for this gap is the overemphasis on novels that are "verbal puzzles to be worked out by persons cleverer than the original writers." As he showed in *Anthony Trollope*, he now accepts what he calls the "moment by moment" novel, but he believes its vogue has led the reading public away from good novels in the realistic tradition.

The Realists is a "sort of primitive guide" to the realistic novels of the past Snow most admires—those in which the "people have not only to be projected . . . but also examined with the writer's psychological resources and with cognitive intelligence." The eight essays that comprise *The Realists* are about Stendahl, Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Galdós, Henry James and Proust, the touchstones of excellence in Snow's literary journalism in *The Financial Times* and elsewhere.

In form these essays resemble those Snow did about Rutherford, Einstein, G.H. Hardy, Wells and other eminent men he knew personally. They are what Gamaliel Bradford called psychographs, skillful interweavings of the men's lives and work.

The book starts with Stendahl, ends with Proust, writers Snow suggests one should first read at about 20 (as he did). Particularly in *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *La Chartreuse de Parma*, Stendahl made a number of still relevant psychological discoveries, especially his theory of crystalization—that moment when one recognizes suddenly what one's past has inevitably been leading to. He also understood love better than we do: "As a result of our concentration on sex, we have ceased to be able to talk about the emotion of love as Stendahl did."

Snow is generally good on James, though sometimes his empathy falters, but he has disappointingly little to say about Proust, who affected him most. He is both perceptive and empathetic on Balzac. Balzac enhanced life while making as "few concessions to gentility as any writer . . . when the pretenses are stripped off, this life still has its wonder." Dickens, Snow admits, hardly belongs with the other realists. He did not, for one thing, show an understanding of women in either his life or his novels. But Snow, like Galdós and Dostoevsky, delights in Dickens, especially in *Little Dorrit* and *Great Expectations* and "A Christmas Carol," a story I've not read since youth. Snow's essay on Tolstoy is a little disappointing, perhaps because he's said so much about him elsewhere. But he does show clearly the disparity between the "crazy" old man and the writer of *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*, who, as Maxim Gorky said, wrote "'as though God himself had taken up his pen and written.'"

I came to Galdós with Snow's book. Fortified by reading *Fortunata and Jacinta*, which Snow and Spanish scholars think is his best novel, I agree with Snow's assessment of him. Galdós is very knowledgeable about women; he knows Madrid as Dickens knew London; and he shows the 19th-century social and political configuration which led to the Spanish Civil War. Dostoevsky seems to Snow to be a spiritual brother despite the entire lack of superficial resemblances between them. Snow, as he suggests all of us may be, is Ivan, Dimitri and Alyosha—more Dimitri, Snow sadly implies, now that he is old. "The dialectic between the decencies of social behaviour and the free and dissident soul" was a central preoccupation of Dostoevsky in both life and art and it is, to understate, a major concern in Snow's *Strangers and Brothers*. And Snow's ideal, like Dostoevsky's Mishkin's, is "'love as human beings feel it.'" Is that—Dostoevsky writes it, Snow I think believes it—"'what goodness means?'"

Snow's great merit as a critic is to make us think and feel and *not* compliment ourselves on how clever and complicated we are:

> *Our own natures, other people's natures, the societies in which those natures have their existence require all the humility we possess, as well as our small scraps of observation and experience, before we can hope to understand even a little. It is there that the greatest realistic novels can teach us.*

Harvey Curtis Webster

Harvey Curtis Webster, professor emeritus at the University of Louisville, has written frequently on C.P. Snow.

The Literacy Hoax by Paul Copperman

(Morrow; $10.95)

With rather charming innocence, Paul Copperman brings us his discovery that the schools aren't doing so hot: measurable academic skills have declined in the past decade and a half, standards are lower, assignments fewer, curricula softer, and the wicket stickier. Students who come to school with greater "reading readiness" than ever—courtesy of the media—sustain their superiority through two or three years at best: by fourth grade, it's all downhill, if their performance is compared to scores for students in the late 1950s and early 1960s. This is the case at all ability levels, and regardless of social class background. Yet galloping grade inflation, to cover up this failure, keeps the

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dirty little secret from students and parents alike. This is the "literacy hoax."

Why are the schools less effective today? The enemy is legion: permissive parents, community organizations, government agencies, interest groups such as the Children's Defense Fund, intrusive courts, pharmaceutical companies, exploitative media (now its flip side), liberal professors, radical reformers, teacher training programs, frightened instructors, spineless administrators, uninformed school boards, unconcerned citizens. Under the spreading apathy, the pillaged system stands. Barely.

But victory with honor is still possible. What is required, Copperman tells us, is the reinstatement of parental and educational authority and the reaffirmation of traditional social goals. Nothing less than that.

Copperman—the young founder of a chain of reading development institutes in California—makes it tough for us: he won't take yes for an answer. As he ups the ante, becoming more sweeping of generalization, more coruscating of prose, we begin to tune out.

This is unfortunate, for Copperman has a genuine—if widely-acknowledged—case. Most objective evidence supports it: the American educational "system" is in big trouble (as are schools and colleges in Canada, Britain, and points east). But the causes and cures are rather more complex than those canvassed here; 50 pages into the book, margins begin to fill with "*post* not *propter*," "correlation not causation," "evidence?" and other reliable mantras. Although Copperman ends up at a position not far from one's own, his route there seems more reckless than necessary.

Robert Hassenger

Robert Hassenger is at Empire State College, where he directs the independent study program of The State University of New York.

A Place on the Corner by Elijah Anderson

(University of Chicago Press; $13.95)

Riding through a black urban ghetto, a driver instinctively thinks of safety. Locks need to be pressed down, windows rolled up and suspicious-looking pedestrians closely watched. This is not simply a white reaction to black men; the fear among blacks living in ghettos is nearly as great (black on black crime has reached epidemic proportions). If there is one place which most often transforms a casual driver into a security guard, it is the liquor store. Sometimes regarded as the most dangerous small business in the country, the ghetto liquor store seems to be a haunt for drunks, thieves, addicts and other desperate characters.

A Place on the Corner is a study of the culture of one of these stores. The "Place" is Jelly's, located on Chicago's south side. As one who has been a reporter for a community newspaper in that area, I can testify that Elijah Anderson took considerable risks to do the research (it is common to have at least one murder per day in that part of the city; one weekend four years ago there were more than a dozen). But from the reader's viewpoint the risks were not in vain. Anderson, a University of Pennsylvania sociologist, has turned that liquor store into a vital, complex and fascinating world.

Jelly's cast of characters may have come out of *Guys and Dolls*. Anderson explains that Jelly's is like a "special hangout for the urban poor and working-class people, serving somewhat as more formal social clubs or domestic circles do for the middle or upper classes." At Jelly's there are three categories of customers: Regulars, Wineheads and Hoodlums. Anderson, a sociologist, makes these characters come to life, an extraordinary accomplishment considering most of the muck produced by his profession.

The Regulars, a group considering itself distinct and above the others, "enact roles of respectability." Anderson writes that "they work regularly, some even hold two jobs. These men strive to 'have something'—a nice car, a house, nice furniture—usually something material that they can work toward and pay for over time. Many of these," he continues, "are proudly involved in stable nuclear family arrangements." For example, Herman, a janitor, wants to be seen as something more "socially acceptable" so he will take Anderson, but not his Jelly's friends, to an office party. At the same time, Herman and his commonlaw wife, Butterroll, are break-

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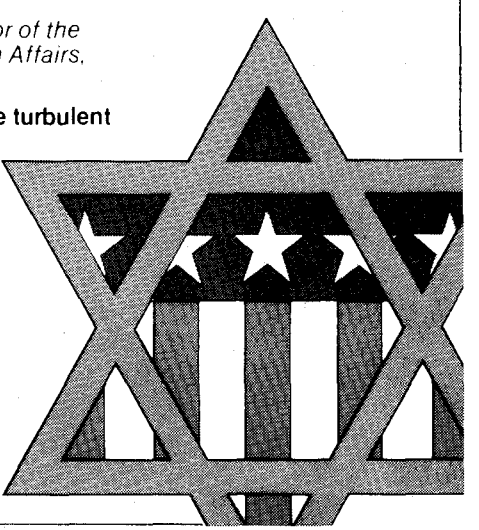

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ing up and his Jelly's friends come to his aid by cooking his meals and offering sympathy.

According to Anderson the Wineheads constitute a "kind of social residue." What they value most is 'gettin a taste' and 'havin some fun.' "They spend a good portion of time," continues Anderson, "around Jelly's drinking wine or trying to obtain money for wine or food, usually by begging from other group members and from outsiders." Although the Regulars dismiss this group, Anderson presents them with some sympathy.

The Hoodlums are a relatively young group who value 'big money' and 'being tough.' They venerate the 'big time' hustler, the pimp and well known successful gangsters. Within the larger group, says Anderson, "they are marked out as the 'wrong type o' people' . . . [who] 'bear watching.'"

A Place on the Corner does have one major flaw that concerns the sociologist's approach to crime. With an aloofness common to social scientists, Anderson describes muggings and other violent acts as if they were just a few additional examples of local behavior. One wonders if he has forgotten that fear and violence can ruin people. Anderson's book is enlightening, but a needed indignation is missing.

Peter Kovler

Peter Kovler is a Washington writer who has written for *Time, The New York Times* and *The Nation.*

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

play. One of the themes in Büchner's disquieting masterwork is that, under political fervor however sincere, is, in some measure, politics as solipsist fantasy. This is not negativism: truth cannot be negative. I couldn't help wondering what Büchner would think of the Troupe.

Whenever I hear a show described as "good theater," I tend to go the other way. It usually means that old-fashioned hokum has been resuscitated to replace hip hokum. *The Crucifer of Blood* (Helen Hayes) was called "good theater," but I saw it anyway because I missed *Dracula* and I thought I ought to sample this latest Broadway vogue of old styles. *Crucifer* is more or less what I expected, but I was astonished by the fact that it was *there*, so at least it was a rewarding field trip.

It's yet one more latter-day Sherlock Holmes extrapolation, not remotely as amusing as *The Seven Per Cent Solution*. The script, by Paul Giovanni who also directed, takes a long time to get started, especially since we know that all the stuff we have to go through in India, without Holmes, is just a set-up for what's going to happen later in England, with Holmes. (There's a whole school of fiction and drama—P. C. Wren, Lord Dunsany, etc.—that utilized the Empire as a source for action in England. A kind of writer's imperialism.) The plot smacks of many other plots and is never engaging. Giovanni imitates Conan Doyle's dialogue passably and directs skeletally—the bare bones of the action are always visible.

Paxton Whitehead has none of the glinting surgical virtuosity that John Wood showed as Holmes a few years ago, but he is technically secure and vocally attractive. The rest of the cast, excepting that tartly eccentric comedian Edward Zang, is just a bunch of bland Americans trying to sound British or Indian.

But what a *show*. I thought *First Monday in October* was expensive for Broadway these days, but *Crucifer*, without a star, is the sort of production I never expected to see on Broadway again, outside musicals. Actors double, which costs extra money, there are many sets and costumes, lots of vapor and special effects and trick lighting, lashings of lightning and seat-shaking thunder. All vintage 1910, except for the amplification. Yes, "good theater," all right: a "well-made" play, which is to say an obviously carpentered one, drowned in all sorts of trappings and trimmings to take your mind off the fact that there's not much of a play there. And the audience apparently likes the show's implication that "Underneath the modernism around us, we're all still basically sound at heart." *Crucifer* knows how to reach its public just as well as the SF Mime Troupe knows the way to its communicants.

Subsidy note: Giovanni began in subsidized theaters (The Open Theater, for instance). Whitehead was the head of the Shaw Festival in Canada for 10 years. *The Crucifer of Blood* was first done at the subsidized Buffalo Studio Arena Theater, which also originated the current Broadway musical *Platinum*. At the risk of sounding like a spoilsport (but there really isn't much sport here to spoil), I ask whether this is what theater subsidy is for. To further careers toward this pinnacle? To provide tryouts for Broadway? I would have thought that subsidy was meant to provide an alternative to the profit theater, including "good theater."

Correspondence, *from page 3*

Whatever the complexities, Atlas's dire pronouncements and snappy quotations do little to resolve them. *The New Republic* usually produces better literary sociology than this.

Neil Myers
West Lafayette, Indiana

A jogger's plaint

To the editors:

I read with amusement your recent piece on jogging ("Washington Diarist," *TNR*, November 25). I didn't mind your mean spirit or curmudgeonly tone but I did notice an absence of facts: (1) Goodloe Byron was a victim of heart disease for many years and ran expressly against his doctor's advice. I don't criticize him for that, and his case does bring into question Tom Bassler's theories but your article leaves the impression that running kills. In Byron's case, jogging in all likelihood prolonged his life; (2) Dennis Rainear is the man who was shot during a marathon. The shooting was accidental and your description of it is very misleading. Dennis told me and other journalists who bothered to check the facts that he had no idea he had been shot and that had he known what hit him, he would have stopped. He simply thought a rock or some other object had hit him. With a concussion, he also wasn't thinking very clearly and continued to run.

I know runners can be sanctimonious about running, but you ought not twist or omit facts to get your point of view across. If you think jogging is so terrible I wouldn't presume to try to change your already made-up mind. But surely a magazine with the tradition of *The New Republic* can find a more worthy object of spleen than joggers.

Bill Palmer
National Jogging Association
Washington, DC

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Washington Diarist

Gone Legit

Recently, having been hired by this journal, I bid farewell to the life of a freelance writer. I leave it with unmixed emotions and great relief. Since being thrust out by my alma mater into the world—which turns out to be every bit as cold and cruel as I was warned it would be—I have spent two and a half years being forcefully and repeatedly reminded of the low value the free market puts on my limited talents. About the only thing that can be said in praise of the profession is what Bob Dole said of the vice presidency: it's indoor work with no heavy lifting. At some point, no doubt, I will hark sentimentally back to the times when I could sleep late at my whim and work without having to put on a tie. But not just yet. For a paycheck every two weeks and the assurance of being published with reasonable regularity, I will gladly give up such luxuries.

As anyone who has ever freelanced can attest, it's not a pleasant way to make a living. In most cases it's not a way to make a living at all. The most successful of the breed will find a lot of his letters to managing editors unanswered, a lot of firsts of the month going by with the rent unpaid and a lot of people involved in matters he wants to write about uninterested in talking. One might think that all a freelancer would need to make his way are a love of words, a healthy curiosity and a broad knowledge of his subject. Those aren't bad assets, but what he really needs is the irrational persistence of a snapping turtle, the self-assurance of Muhammad Ali, the hide of a rhinoceros and a swindler's disregard for unpaid debts. These qualities come in handy during those long stretches when nothing is getting published, which is much of the time. On the other hand, those traits may not make for an appealing human being.

I was warned, but I didn't listen. During the last months of my undistinguished academic career, I mentioned my intention to a friend who had a job in journalism. "You'll starve," he said without missing a beat. He is now an editor, a job in which such harsh candor is carefully cultivated. Another friend, who had also landed a nice newspaper job, encouraged my venture. Having supported himself for a year freelancing, he assured me it wasn't all that hard. Later I found out that as a freelancer he lived in a room bare of furniture and subsisted on Hershey bars.

There are other disadvantages besides penury. One is that Washington is full of lost souls who call themselves freelance writers. What this means is that such claims, even when made by legitimate practitioners, are rarely taken seriously. Most Washingtonians regard the term "freelance writer" as a euphemism for "unemployed." Since most freelancers look like the stereotype of the unemployed person—that is to say, gaunt and a bit desperate—this is perhaps understandable. But it is unfair. Most unemployed people, for one thing, are much better fed than the freelancers I know.

Socially, being thought unemployed makes for problems, because hardly anyone wants to befriend someone who is out of work. Try introducing yourself as a freelancer at any sort of Washington social gathering, and you will note a fleeting look of fear in your new acquaintance's eyes as she excuses herself to go bury her hand in the shrimp bowl. Her apprehension is understandable. In the first place, she fears that being unemployed may be communicable. In the second, she may not want to get trapped by someone bending her ear with sad tales of fruitless job hunting. Once in a while, you will meet someone who is impressed by your profession and who will promptly ask, "Who do you write for?" By the time you have completed your litany of obscure publications—no magazine I've written for is read by more than one-eighth of one percent of the people in the United States—she will have decided you're either a fraud or a stupendous bore and will beat a retreat. Of course on such occasions the forlorn freelancer can always find friends among those guests who are genuinely unemployed. But who wants to talk to them?

Another problem is that public officials and other important people have neither any time for freelancers nor any incentive to be cordial toward them. Congressional aides and White House staffers are constantly pestered by people claiming to be working on articles, and many of them refuse to return phone calls from these suspected imposters. Others are simply rude. I arranged an interview with Ben Bradlee, editor of *The Washington Post,* while working on a profile of him. When I showed up, he nonchalantly informed me that he'd changed his mind and didn't want to be interviewed. When I called him the next week to ask him politely to reconsider, he grew annoyed. "I don't see why I should submit to an interview just so some kid can do a freelance piece," he said, setting aside his famed charm.

My new job no doubt will cause my parents to sleep a little more soundly at night. Both were tolerant of my chosen line of work, but they also had their apprehensions. My father, a self-made businessman, applauded my entrepreneurial spirit in taking the risky freelance path, but obviously worried about what looked like my downward mobility. My mother, who used to teach English, naturally was glad to see that her influence on my intellectual development wasn't for naught, but she had always wanted a lawyer in the family. I'm sure my father is gratified to see me getting a regular and comparatively substantial paycheck, and my younger brother did me the favor of enrolling in law school last fall, thus relieving me of that responsibility. I got a call from my parents a few months ago when *Time* ran an article on freelancing. They were pleased to learn that I was one of only 300 freelancers in the US who were able to make a living from it, and I didn't have the heart to mention that *Time*'s definition of making a living is probably narrower than mine. They were also optimistic about my future, having learned from *Time* that some freelancers, like Richard Reeves, make as much as $100,000 a year. Here I had to interject that to make that much money, you have to write best-selling books, and that there wasn't much prospect of my doing that anytime soon. I've always taken a dim view of book-writing, on the theory that it requires an awful lot of work to produce something that very few people will ever read. A typical issue of *TNR,* for example, reaches several times as many readers as most books, even successful ones, published in the US every year. Most books, I've always felt, would have been better off left unwritten. On this matter I have the support of Samuel Johnson, who said, "No place affords a more striking conviction of the vanity of human hopes than a public library." I used to quote that to anyone who asked why I hadn't written a book, until one friend reminded me that public libraries also house magazines.

S.C.

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